THE PENITENT PILGRIM.

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W. Marshall Sculp

THE PENITENT PILGRIM.

PSAL. 66. 16.

Come and hearken, all yee that feare God, and I will tell you what he hath done to my soule.

LONDON,
Printed by *John Dawson*, and are to be sold by *John Williams* at the signe of the *Crane* in *Pauls* Church-yard.
1641.

TO THAT
IMMACVLATE
LAMBE
CHRIST JESVS;
THE
SOLE SAVIOUR AND
RECEIVER OF EVERY
PENITENT SINNER;
HATH THIS
POORE PILGRIM,
HUMBLY HERE
PRESENTED
THESE HIS *PENITENTIALL TEARES.*

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THESE HIS PENITEN-

The Summe, or *Graduall Symptome of the* Penitent Pilgrim.

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3

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10.

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13

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14

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15

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18

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19

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20

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21

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22

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23

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33
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34
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35
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36
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37 Vi-

37
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40
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41
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42
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43
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44
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45
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46
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47
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48
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49
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50
Coveteouſneſſe.
51
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52
Envy.
53
Gluttony. 54

54
Wrath.
55
Sloath.
56
How by their treacherous assault, his Cinque ports *become endangered.*
57
Sight.
58
Hearing.
59
Smell.
60
Taste.
61
Touch.
62
Being thus encompassed with danger, hee prepares himselfe for prayer.
63
He repeats the Lords prayer, and

in every particular he finds himselfe a great Offender.

64

Hee renders a private accompt of his Faith: and in every Article of the Creed, he finds a fainting, failing, weaknesse and want.

65

Having thus examined himselfe, and found in the whole course of his life, a fainting in faith, *and failing in* works: *He recals to mind these* Quatuor Novissima, *or* Foure last Remembrances; *Memorials hourely necessary for all Christians.*

66

Death.

67

* *Judgement.*

68

Hell.

69

Heaven.

70

* *Cuncta quæ sunt adducet Dom. in judicium.* Eccles. 12. *Reddituri sumus rationem de cogitationibus nostris.* Sap. 1. *De omnibus verbis.* Mat. 12. *De otioso verbo.* 2 Cor. 5.

70

With the Remembrance of these; He becomes afflicted in spirit.

71

Faith appeares vnto him with a cheerefull presence, affording him comfort in his affliction.

72.

Hope seconds that comfort.

73

* *Charity promiseth him in this vaile of misery, to cover all his scarlet sinnes with the white robe of mercy: and by keeping her company, conduct him safely to the kingdome of glory.*

74

He takes comfort; And now wearied with sojourning longer in Idumæa, *he turnes to* Canaan.

75

*Signant se omnes signo crucis, respondent omnes Amen, canant omnes Alleluia, baptizantur omnes, ecclesiarum pietates implent, nec discernuntur filii Dei a filijs Diaboli nisi in charitate. Vid. Aug.

75
The poore penitent Pilgrims laſt Will and Teſtament.

His Funerall Obſequies.

The

The Pilgrims Prayer.

LOoke upon me, (deare Father) thy poore Penitent Pilgrim. I confesse, Lord, I confesse, that if thou shouldst deale with mee according to my iniquity, there were no hope at all left to me of mercy. For what houre in all my life, since my first entrance into this life, wherein I have not in some manner or measure, nay above all measure, become a grievous transgressour? But there is

mercy

mercy with thee, and therefore art thou feared: meantime I of all others, have greatest cause to feare for abusing thy mercy. I have plentifully tasted of thy love; and considering it, I have many times resolved to become a faithfull convert and zealous observer of thy Law. But these faire promises vlaesed in a weake performance; No sooner was there the least opportunity offered me of sinning, then it found in me an easie impression. Pregnant was I in conceiving, *prompt in* consenting, *and prone in* committing. *Yet Lord when I was going down even to the gates of hell, lest I should enter in, thou held me. And when I drew neere*

the

the gates of death, leſt they ſhould receive me, thy grace prevented me. Whence I perceived, by the influence of thy ſweet Spirit, whereby I became enlightned, that whenſoever I fell, it was through my owne frailty, but whēſoever I roſe, it was through thy great mercy. Yea, I found thee ready in every opportunity, to afford me thy helping hand in my greateſt neceſsity. When I wandred, thou recalled me: when I was ignorant, thou inſtructed me: when I ſinned, thou corrected mee: when I ſorrowed, thou comforted me: when I fell, thou raiſed me: when I ſtood, thou ſupported mee: when I went, thou directed me: when I ſlept, thou kept me: when I cried, thou heard

heard me. Nay, shall I more fully declare thy goodnesse towards me? If, after these few but evill dayes of my pilgrimage, even now, when the keepers of the house tremble, and the strongmen bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and they waxe darke that looke out by the windowes; if I say, after these many, too many misspent dayes, I abuse thy gracious patience no more with fruitlesse delaies, but with my whole heart repent me for offending thee, thou forthwith sparest me: if I returne, thou receivest me: nay, if I deferre my returne: so my delay make me not presume, thou waitest for me. Thus doth thy mercy re-

Eccles. 12. 3.

claime

claime me straying, invite me withstanding, expect me foreslowing, embrace me returning. Thus hast thou taught me when I was ignorant, comforted me when I was desolate, raised mee from ruine, restored me after my falling, bestowed on mee begging, found by me seeking, and opened to me knocking.

And shall I hee forgetfull of these? Nay, Lord, let my right hand *sooner forget her* cunning, *nay, may I rather become razed out of the Booke of the* living, *then I become forgetfull of thy* gracious dealing. *I will returne then unto thee with a sorrowfull heart, but with wings of hope, because from thee commeth my helpe.*

I know, Lord, Because of unrigh-

Eccles 10. 8.

unrighteous dealing, and wrongs, and riches gotten by deceit, the Kingdom is translated from one people to another.

Deare Lord, great sins *require* deepe sighes, *as I have beene* infinite *in* sinning, *may I be inessant* in sorrowing; *that* sowing *in* teares, *I may* reape *with* joy *in the day of my* translation.

THE

THE PENITENT PILGRIM.

CHAP. I.

The poore penitent Pilgrim bemones his present sinfull condition.

O Draw neer mee! doe not turne your eyes from mee, but looke upon mee; the *poorest penitent Pilgrim*, that ever sojourned in *Idumæa*. O woe is mee, that

my *Habitation* is *prolonged!* O woe is me, that I have dwelt so long with the *Inhabitants* of *Kedar!* Hence it is, that mine *house* is become full *of blacknesse*; no *Gueſt* but *Sorrow* lodgeth in it: becauſe the woful'ſt, ſinfull'ſt wretch that ever breathed, is the owner of it. O woe is mee, where ſhall I turne me? If to *Heaven*; my *ſinnes* become as *bars*, to ſhut me from it. Nay, I have highly provoked his wrath, who is *commander* of it. If to *Earth*; I find my ſelfe wholly unworthy that it ſhould beare me, having already ſo long born with me, by bearing with that iniquity, which it hath ſo long time received from me. If to *Hell*; O there I find the juſt portion of my inheritance; a place fitting to puniſh my wickedneſſe. I find *Tophet* prepared

Pſal. 120. 5.

Iſa. 30. 33.

pared of *old*, and for *old* Tranſgreſſors. Such as have made an *old League* with the *Old-man*. Such as have no acquaintance with the *New-man*. And ſuch an one am I, of all others the moſt miſerable man; who have made my ſelfe an *Alien* to *Sion*, becauſe ſo wholly *naturalized* to *ſinne*. Worthily then may all the *Elements* fight againſt mee: Nay, all Gods *Creatures* profeſſe themſelves *Enemies* to mee, becauſe I have *imagined miſchiefe* in my heart, againſt Him who made both them and me.

Retire then ſinfull ſoule, poor comfortleſſe ſoule, and recollect thy ſelfe a little. Leave the *Company* of *men*, and hye thee to the *waters* of *Marah*. Leave the *world*, and fly into the *Wilderneſſe*. Let thy dwelling bee with the *Pellican* and

Exod. 15. 23.

the *Ostrich*; with the mournefull *Turtle*, or the *Sparrow* on the *house-top*. Let thy *Musicke* bee as the *Chattring* of the *Crane*. As thine *eye* was the *sense* of *sinne*, so let it bee the *sense* of *sorrowing*. Never had *poore Pilgrim* more cause.

O my Redeemer, make me sensible of my present state.

Chap. 2.

His comming into Idumæa; *The companions hee consorted with there.*

YOung, and so very young I was when I first came into *Idumæa*; as my tender age required a *Guardian* to manage my youth. And divers good and gracious *Consorts* there were, whom at the first I received into my acquaintance: And

And with these I lived for a little time familiarly: and bettered my selfe much by their company: But alas for griefe, I continued not long with them; Other *Companions* drew me from them. Those good and vertuous ones betooke themselves, as I thought, to a course of life too strict for my loose affection to follow. I felt the *Spirit* of *youth* ryoting within mee. Those devout tasks, which before I observed; begun now to bee intermitted. I held a sober regular life too eremiticall: private retired walkes too stoicall. I thought with my selfe, how I had staied too long in the *Tyring-house*, I must now shew my selfe upon the *Stage*; where I played the *Prodigals part* to life: for I bestowed my whole *life* upon the action of that *part*: when I

saw a Thiefe, I followed him: and with the Adulterer I divided my portion. I bestowed the *day* in variety of follies: and a great part of the *Night* in a delightfull remembrance of those follies. Let us prepare our selves (said one) for the spoile: and I had an hand as ready to further it, as hee to demand it. Let us drinke wine in bowles, and carouse till our eyes be red; let the day care for it selfe, while the day of our life admits no care. Let us take our full of pleasure, (said the wanton) let our delight be in dalliance: and I followed the steps of the *whorish woman*; though her wayes led to death. And I delighted my selfe in the company of the Drunkard: yet had I read (and the more my sinne not to reteine) To *whom* was *woe*; *to whom sorrow*;

to

to whom ſtrife; to whom murmuring; to whom wounds without cauſe; and to whom redneſſe of the eyes. Even to them that tarry long at the wine, to them that goe and ſeeke mixt wine. Prov. 23. 29, 30. And I had heard too; nay my experience of others miſeries, had inform'd me too. How, *becauſe of the whoriſh woman a man is brought to a morſell of bread, and* (how) *a woman will hunt for the precious life of a man.* And yet I conſidered not theſe things, nor applied them to my heart: but, like the foole to the *Stocks*, I laughed while I periſhed; I ſported in my miſery, and knew nothing how *Iſmael* played with me.

O my Redeemer, looke upon me in mercy, and give me a ſenſible apprehenſion of my miſery.

Chap. 3.

How his owne Meniey became his deadliest Enemy.

TOo true have I found that Proverbe; *Who can have a worser friend then he brings with him?* Foes I had without, Feares within: but my *bosome friends* I found ever to bee my *busiest foes*. And what lesse could I expect, then that my *bosome friends* should prove my deadliest Foes, being *receivers* and *Abetters* of my *bosoms sins?* O what disorderly passions raged, nay raigned in mee? what divided thoughts of *hope* and *feare* were ever encountring me? In my prosperity, feare of adversity wrought upon me: in my adversity, hope of prosperity seazed on mee. Nei-

Neither did either of these *conditions* well content me: for, as thoughts of the one made mee proud; so a conceit of the other made me impatient. Now, what hourely affronts did I suffer by my owne, while I stood thus pursued by them? I found nothing on earth worthy my desire: yet were my crawling desires so fast glued to earth, as if they had no other Heaven to aspire to. Naturall Philosophy had sufficiently taught mee in my minority, that betwixt *finite* and *infinite* there was no proportion: that my *Soule* was of too large a circumference, to be confin'd to any earthly dimension. Againe, that the tri-angular heart, resembling the Image of the blessed Trinity; could no more by the circumference of the world bee confined, then a tri-angle by a

Circle was to be filled. In this, my *Speculation* had inform'd me, but the *use* and *application* of it was farre from me. Neither was it possible, that a Sconse should be secur'd from foes without, that harbour'd so many dangerous Traytors within. For my mis-guided affections (like scattred troops falne off from their Captaine) committed all insolencies. Nothing found they in me, which was not exposed to their fury. Thus did my *Familiars*, and knowne Acquaintance worke upon my weaknesse; take mee with their subtilties; and lead me captive to all miseries. Yet for all this was I silent, pleasing my selfe with the impunity of a delinquent. So I might sinne safely, and flatter my selfe with a seeming security: and promise to my selfe a long life foolishly,

liſhly, becauſe in it the moſt uncertainty; I could hugge my betrayer: And herein ſo farre was I from vindicating my wrong; as I accounted him my beſt friend, who had ſhewn himſelfe privately my maliciou'ſt Foe. So farre was I (I ſay) from revenging my ſelfe of him, as I ſought to ingratiate my ſelfe with him. For the injuries I ſuffer'd, I was either inſenſible of them, or I diſſembled them. I neither reproved him, nor ſhewed a diſpleaſing count'nance towards him; though for many yeares together, Hee and his Complices had lived familiarly with me, ſit at my table, received meat from my hand, ſlept in my boſome, converſed with me when hee pleaſed, and diſpoſed of me as he liked. Thus became my *Meniey* my *deadlieſt*

Ene-

Enemy. O my Redeemer, I ſuffer violence, anſwer for me.

CHAP. 4.

His Encounters with the World.

I Am now to tell you how I enter'd Liſts; and how weak a Combatant I proved amidſt thoſe encounters wherewith I grappled. The *Field* where I pitched was the *World*. A place full of Snares, and ſuch as ſuited all Eſtates. I could not ſee that place, wherein I could enjoy true peace. That which in reaſon ſhould have beene my contempt, became my content. Thoſe *May-buds* of proſperity, honour and humane glory were ſcattered here and there to take mee; and no ſooner were

were they ſeene by me; then they tooke me.

That retired Cell, wherein I both enjoyed my ſelfe, and the contemplation of Him that made me, had now for a ſeaſon beene eſtranged from mee. I found ſuch *Objects* in the *World*, as I condemned my ſelfe for ſtaying ſo long out of it. If I deſired to be *rich*, I found meanes how to purchaſe my ends: which, were they never ſo ſiniſter, the cuſtome was ſo generall, as it authoriz'd the errour. Were it *Honour* that I ſought after, I found a way quickly to enjoy her, though the purchaſe made mee an unhappy gainer. Friends I could not want, ſo long as I wanted no meanes: For meanes procur'd mee powerfull Friends: but all theſe, by an unexpected overture, clozed with unfortunate

tunate ends. For all these, because I did not employ them to that end whereto they were ordained; but put more trust in them, then in him from whom they were derived; turn'd to my undoing, which well bestowed, had beene my raising. No *fight*, no *victory*; no *Conquest*, no *Crowne*. Indeed, in the very first assault, I remember'd my Creator; and to promote his honour, I made a faire shew, as if I would have entertained the encounter: but my resolution became weakned, and discovered my temper.

O *Eternity*, *eternity*; how I forgot thee, and now forgoe thee for one poore glympse of *vanity!* Had I remembred what those glorious *Martyrs* suffered; how they combated; how they conquered. Had I but presented

ted to my thoughts, what encounters those noble *Virgins* endured; how they sleighted price, prayer and threats: and with their winning modesty, and resolved piety, quenched all unlawful heats. Had I recalled to mind, with what Constancy, those famous *Confessors* professed the Faith, even in the face of tyrannie: and in despite of torments confirm'd their fidelity: O then, poore *Pilgrim*, thou wouldst have holden all these *encounters* with the *World* light: and, in the discomfiture of them, shewne thy selfe a Christian: whereas now in thy defeat thou hast acquitted thy selfe like a weake Champion.

O thou Lion *of the Tribe of* Iuda *fight for me; weake am I, unlesse thou defend me: strong am I, if thou shield me.*

CHAP.

Chap. 5.

His Combate with the Fleſh.

PRoud *Philiſtine*, how thou inſulteſt over me! Is there no end of thy malice? no bound to thy fury? Wilt thou ſtill *Domineere* over thy *Miſtreſſe*: and be a *Commander* of thy *Soveraigneſſe*? Remember how thou wert made to be a *Servant* and no *Miſtreſſe*: a *Subject* and no *Princeſſe*. Imperious *Agar*, doe me not this diſhonour. I have a *noble Gueſt* which thou haſt long time wronged: one who was full of beauty, before thou blemiſhed it: of a gracefull preſence, before thou diſfigur'd it. O tell me, thou unthankfull one, how comes it, that thou ſhouldſt thus diſhonour her by whom thou

thou liveſt; diſparage her by whom thou breatheſt? Pray thee, vile and ſtinking Carrion, haſt thou life from thy ſelfe, or from an other? If from an other, why doeſt thou not tender her that honour that may become her, and make thee worthy of her? O whither wouldſt thou hale mee, thou hateſull intruder! what have I received from thee but miſery: and ſhall I now incline unto thee, who have bin ſo oftimes deceived by thy folly? Withhold thoſe ſinfull embraces from me: they have already undone mee, let them not intangle me in more miſery. O that I were ſtript of thee; or that I had loathed thoſe delights which thou ſuggeſted to me! O why did I ſo tenderly *cocker* thee, thou baleſull *Cockatrice!* And why did I not cruſh the

the Serpent in the Egge! why did I not ſhun the occaſion of ſinning, and ſo prevent the meanes of my undoing! O what had I from thee but Sin! And what other fruit brought Sin forth but death! whence cameſt thou O my *Fleſh*, O my Darling Foe: & from whence was thy begiuning? From Clay, vile Clay was thy Creation: from whence I received every clammy and earthy affection. Thou drew my thoughts from Heaven to Earth; that I might be more like thy ſelfe, who tookeſt thy materiall Creation from earth.

Bern. Med. cap. 15.

O my *Soule*, pretious *Soule*, (if thy kneweſt the eſtimate of thy price) thou, I ſay, who art with Gods Image adorned, with his Similitude beautified, by Faith to him eſpouſed, with his Spirit endowed, with his bloud redee-

Ib. cap. 3.

redeemed, with his Angells numbred, made capable of happineſſe, inheritour of goodneſſe, partaker of reaſon, commaunder of paſſion, what haſt thou to doe with this *Fleſh*, from whom thou ſuffereſt ſo many evills? By meanes of the *Fleſh*, are *ſtrange ſinnes* imputed to thee; ſins of her own hatching; ſinnes which thy parer condition ſhould have ſo highly hated, as nothing could reliſh thee leſſe then to be ſo accoutred. By her, that looſe *Libertine*, thy fleſhly *Idumaan*, are thy works of righteouſneſſe accompted as a *menſtruous Cloath*; by her, art thou brought to nothing; eſteemed as a vaine thing, and in manner nothing: For, tell me, O tell me, poore deluded *Soule*, what other thing is this *Fleſh*, whoſe ſociety thou ſeemeſt ſo highly to

to tender, but meere foame made *Fleſh* and cloathed with fraile honour? But ſhouldeſt thou conſider, O my *Soule*, what will become of her; how, after *Death*, her *honour* ſhall lye in the duſt: how ſhee ſhall be ſtinking Carrion full of miſery and corruption, meate for wormes. Againe, how neatly ſo ever ſhee ſeeme now tricked, trimmed and tyred, ſhee is no more but *Fleſh*: and that *Fleſh*, and the beauty thereof as the *flower* of the *field*. Againe, wouldeſt thou but conſider her preſent condition, as thou haſt already heard of her Originall corruption: and read an *Atomy Lecture* on her beauty, to allay the heat of thy fancy. Wouldſt thou, I ſay, but conſider with a cleare and diſ-intereſſed eye, what goeth out by the mouth, noſthrills, and other paſſages of the

the body, thou wouldeſt ſoone confeſſe that thou never lookſt upon a more ſtinking Dunghill. Againe, ſhouldeſt thou but reckon up all her miſeries; how ſhee is loaden with ſinnes, ſurprized with paſſions, polluted with illuſions, prone alwayes to all manner of evill, and addicted to al vice, thou wouldeſt find thereby meanes of this ſtaine of ſinne, full of all confuſion and ſhame. For, by company of this fleſh, became man like unto vanity, becauſe from it, and none but it drew man that ſtaine of concupiſcence, by which he became attached, attainted, ſo wholly crooked and corrupted, as he ſet his love on nothing but vanity, practiſed nothing but workes of iniquity. O leave to love her then, whoſe love is thy loſſe; eſtrange thee from her wayes: for her

her pathes lead unto death.

And now give mee leave to talke a little with thee, O my *Flesh!* And first resolve mee, if ever I came into any place, wherein I could promise to my selfe peace. In this populous Citie, I cannot take my walke in any street, wherein I am not subject to bee taken by thy deceit. Thou sendest forth those two *light Spies*, to purvey and bring in Objects of lust; by these am I wounded, by these doe I suffer a continual *Combat*. Neither are these wounds cured, now when my youth has left mee; when these daily Messengers of death summon me. For, though I bee neerer my *Grave*, I am nothing richer in *Grace*. Though those follies of my youth have now left me, (and woe is mee that I did not leave them before they

left

left me) yet other aged maladies grow strong in me; against which I must prepare my selfe for the encounter, or I am undone for ever. Would you heare what my distempers are? They are these: Though few bee my houres; hoary my haires: yet am I as numerous in my worldly cares, as if I were but even now entring into the world. I cannot without an envious eye see my Neighbours field flourish; others prosperity gives me occasion of repining: others adversity grounds of rejoycing. Honour I would have, yet can I hardly *support* my selfe, much lesse that Honor which is conferred on me

Alas, poore mouldred earth! Now, when I carry about me, such constant Companions of my mortality! when Aches, Cramps, and Coughes are my ages

ages livery! Now, when *Death* waits at the Wicket, and bids me come away, and leave the world, seeing it is weary of me: and fit me for my shrowding sheet, being all that is left me; yet have I a moneths mind to be greater, or richer, or more eminent in the eye of the World, as if I could dispense with age, or make a truce with death.

Thus am I encountred with new temptations: Night and day am I beleagred: nor can I find any rest; so fierce and furious is this Combatant my *Flesh*. O how justly then may I complaine of this my houshold enemy! And how may I escape her subtilty! It is her *Delicacy* that has undone me: for by *pampering* her, have I *famished* my selfe: I tooke pitty of her weakenesse, and I cherished

riſh'd her: and behold now I am abuſed by her! Shee has wounded mee with her eye; no, with both her eyes has ſhee ſurpriz'd mee. For with her *right eye* ſhe ſhew'd me *proſperity*, and by inclining to her, cauſed me to commit idolatry. And with her *left eye* ſhee darted *adverſity* at mee, and ſo made me murmure againſt him that made me. O how I feele my ſelfe now failing and falling to earth; yet how are my thoughts ſo glued to earth, as if they had no other place to thinke on! O my God from the depth of thy mercy, looke upon the depth of my miſery! thou knoweſt my neceſſity, let me not become a prey to mine enemy.

Sweet Ieſu, thou haſt taught my fingers to fight, give mee the maſtery in this combat *with my fleſh.*

Chap. 6.

What assaults he suffer'd by the Divell, *both in company, and privacy.*

O Thou envious one, was it not sufficient for thee to lose thy selfe by thy *Pride:* but like a cruell cunning *Nimrod*, haunt day and night after innocent blood. Thou art for ever lost, and thou wouldst have my poore soule in the same state. And to bring thy purpose about, thou hast practised with people of my owne family, to betray my *Fort* unto the Enemy. Thou hast winnowed me: and as thou found mee affected, thou wrought upon me. Thou had *baites* in store for every soule, to take him napping in his Darling sinne.

I

If thou foundst him labor of that *birth* wherein thou perished, thou couldst suggest to him thoughts of his owne abilities; bring him to a disdaine of others. Tell him, the State did not take sufficient notice of his worth. Advise him to hold an higher opinion of himselfe: and by contemning others, to raise his owne estimate. But whereto ayme all these trains? to undoe him; for, being fed with these conceits, he begins to aspire to places of honour: wherein being crossed of his hopes, he fals into discontent, which clozeth the unhappy Scene of his life in misery and contempt. Or deprived of what hee once enjoyed, and to an unexpected thraldome confined, with the heavy memory of his former felicity, and present misery, hee either lives

desperately encountred with those affrighting thoughts of danger, or takes his leave at once both of life and honour.

Againe, if thou foundst him *Covetous*, thou hadst *Achans* wedge, and *Gehaza's* treasure in readinesse for him: Hee shall have his *desires* and a *Leprosie* to boot. If *riotous*, the *Rich-mans* table could not bee better furnished, his delicious and liquorish appetite must bee satisfied: nothing wanting that may tend to surfetting, but with those *Rioters* before the *Flood*, hee little knowes how neare hee is perishing. If *lascivious*, his flesh must want no provocation, to bring this deluded Minion to destruction. Fancies by night, and more visible Objects by day, are sent forth to seaze on his heart, and make him forgetfull of God.

If

If *Passionate*, hee shall find motives enough to inrage him; nothing hee sees can content him. Fury is in his eyes, and revenge in his heart. Many waters cannot quench this heat: for hee aymes at nothing but death. If *Envious*, others successe finds him matter enough to worke on. It is hard to say, whether his own gaine or others losse please him better. Those walkes in faire flourishing fields which are made to recreate others, are justly made to macerate himselfe. For to see his Neighbours ground prosper, begets in him a distemper. If *sloathfull*, the Summer-beames, though they shine never so gloriously upon him, must not rouze him: there is an *Adder* in the way, : *yet a little, and then a little*, makes him forget his *poverty*. If Hea-

ven may be got by ſecurity, he may be ſecure of eternity. But the purchaſe of Heaven is no ſuch eaſie taske.

Thus thou profeſt Enemy of man-kind, aſſaultſt him: and, according to every occaſion, prepareſt thy temptation. And of all others, I poore Pilgrim, became in theſe moſt miſerable. For well knew thy ſubtilty my weakneſſe and infirmity. Whence it was, that finding me no leſſe ready to aſent, then thou to aſſault, thou madeſt my owne *Family* thy *Garriſon* to keepe that *precious Fort* which thou hadſt wonne from me. Thus by my not reſiſting temptation but yeelding to it, I rather vanquiſh'd my ſelfe, then was vanquiſh'd by it.

O my deare Ieſu, be thou neare me, that I may redeeme the time

which

which is left me. Bruiſe thou the head of this Serpent, *that he may have the foile, I the victory, thou the glory.*

CHAP. 7.

Three Engines by his ſpirituall Enemy reared, that his Fort might be razed.

THis enemy, as his owne nature has made him cruell: ſo the long exerciſe of his malice has made him ſubtile. Engines therefore he prepares to skale the wals: and batter downe thoſe *ſtrong Holds*, which ſtand againſt him. Where he finds the leaſt breach, hee applies his inſtruments. Delay hee cannot endure: nor will hee admit of any parley, where he finds the leaſt weak-

neſſe in the beſieged party. It is not his uſe to hang out any *White Banner*, or to give a yeelding Foe any *quarter*.

Now call thy ſelfe to mind poore Pilgrim, and examine thy ſelfe, what thou haſt done in this feareſull encounter! How didſt thou furniſh thy ſelfe within, to repell the Enemies fury without? Didſt thou fly to that Sanctuary of a troubled ſoule, by offering up the ſweet incenſe of humble devotion to the *Tower* of thy *ſtrength*, the *Horne* of thy *ſalvation*? Didſt thou imitate that devout *Bethulian*, in ſending forth the voyce of thy prayer, that Chriſtian ſacrifice of ſupplication? Didſt thou prepare thy ſelfe againſt the aſſault? Were't thou carefull of thy ſpirituall proviſion? Didſt thou *faſt* and *pray*, that thou mightſt

mightst not enter into temptation? Were those *Allyes* thou hadst within thee, true unto thee? Did not those on whom thou relyed, betray thee? yes; deare Lord, I must confesse it: I was betrayed by my owne, to my shame. But alas, had these stood for me, all this had little availed me; for I was such an Enemy to my selfe, as I would have betrayed my selfe, had I neither suffered the assaults of heavy Friends within me, nor open Foes without me. O how soundly slept I, while my ghostly Enemy stood at the gate ready to enter in upon me? Watchfull was he in seeking to surprize me; but careless was I in labouring to prevent his subtilty. O how well knew hee how to get ground upon me! How subtilly lay hee his snares to catch mee? Hee be-

came familiar, by his too long acquaintance with me, and presented to mee whatsoever hee thought would sooneſt take me. If at any time by the motion of Gods Spirit, I entertained any good reſolution; if I purpoſed to amend my life; and to ſtrengthen theſe holy motions, prepared my ſelfe for devotion; to the end that He, who had begun this good worke in me, might likewiſe perfect it in me. When, I ſay, I had ſhut the doore of my heart from worldly cares: and had now begun to offer the ſacrifice of my weake devotions to the Throne of Grace, that I might redeeme the lives I had loſt, and returne with honour to my Grave. Wo is me! even amidſt theſe holy reſolves, came that ſubtile Serpent, and reared *three* ſtrong *Engines* againſt

againſt the *Fort* of my ſoule. Strong were they, and cunningly contrived: ſo as, though they were raiſed for my undoing; they ſeemed to me wondrous pleaſing: ſo fooliſhly gave I way to my deſtruction.

O my ſweet Redeemer, looke downe upon me with the eye of thy mercy! let not my Enemy prevaile againſt me, though he pitch his Tents, and caſt his Banks about me; God will be good unto Iſrael; even to me, the pooreſt wandring ſheepe that ever was received into the Fold of Iſrael.

Chap. 8.

The Concupiſcence of the fleſh.

THis was the very firſt *Engine* which my *ſpirituall Ene-*

Enemy reared againſt me. And this, I muſt confeſſe, made a breach quickly through the *windowes* of my *Fort*. O how willingly did I deſire to periſh? Though I ſaw mine enemies joyning their powers together utterly to lay me waſte; their preſence was delightfull to me. I invited them to ſojourne with me. Neither did this *Concupiſcence* want wooing termes to winne me, who was wonne already; nor to plead to me what intereſt ſhee had in mee: ſeeing ſhee was conceived and borne with me; and from the very firſt time I came into the world, conſorted with me. I am, ſaith ſhee, thy Play-fellow. The houres of thy Pilgrimage would ſeem long without me. Therefore am I given thee, to allay thoſe miſeries which attend thee.

Doe

Doe not then ſo eſtrange thy ſelfe from mee, nor refuſe her familiarity who can ſo fully delight thee. Looke upon mee, and ſee if there bee nothing in me, that may pleaſe thee! nay, looke every where about thee, and ſee if ought could content thee, if I were abſent from thee! As thou art the *Fleſhes Gueſt*, ſo am I the *Fleſhes Darling*. Shee, with whom thou dwelleſt, under whoſe roofe thou ſojourneſt; would hold this *World* a *Wilderneſſe*: and every *Creature* in it, as a *Pelican* of the *Deſart*, were not I to cheere her while ſhe lives in it. Doe not then leave mee, ſeeing thou canſt not live without me. I have variety of pleaſures to refreſh thee, leſt the enjoyment of one ſhould cloy thee. I have freſh fragrant Gardens for thee to walke

walke in; faire goodly Buildings for thee to plant in; pleasant sights to delight thine eye; sweet ayres to please thine eare; odoriferous soots to cheer thy smell; dainty cates to feed thy taste; choice embraces to content thy touch. Wouldst thou have Honour? I have *Favourites* will seaze thee of her. Wouldst thou have wealth? I can bestow on thee abundance of treasure. Wouldst thou bestow the remainder of thy time in delights? Enjoy me, and with mee all worldly pleasure. Come then, and set thy selfe wholly on me, while thou art in the world: seeing without me thy life were misery; the World a Cell reft of all Company.

Thus with prophane prayers, and treacherous teares did this *Concupiscence* of the *flesh* work upon

upon me: and I inclined mine eare to her folly: ſo as this *Engine* made the firſt Entry.

O in mercy looke downe upon me, O my ſweet Saviour! for that precious fleſh of thine, which was nayled on the Croſſe, give mee grace to crucifie my fleſh. O let not ſinne raigne *in my* mortall body: *but give me power to ſubdue it for my ſoules health and thy glory.*

Chap. 9.

The Concupiſcence of the eyes.

O Whither doe you haile me, yee falſe ſpies! what wrong have I done you, that you ſhould thus abuſe me? yee lay your trains for me in every place;

place; whereſoever I walke, I can find no peace. For can there be any peace to the wicked? So long as I give eare to your inchantments; So long as I ſuffer my *eyes* to bee led by you, what comfort may I reap, or what peace may I expect? *Dinah* followed you, and ſhe was raviſhed: and behold while I ſuffer my ſelfe to be led by ſuch blind guides, what elſe can I looke for, but to bee deprived of mine honour? O yee *ſtraying eyes*, how ſoone were you caſting forth your fiery darts to ſurprize thoſe who inclin'd to you? Paradiſe could not be ſecured from you: nor thoſe two ſole inhabitants free themſelves from being wounded by you. *Eve* ſaw the fruit, and it was pleaſant. Bitter pleaſure to bereave them & their poſterity of ſuch an inheritance for ever!

And

And what doe I, poor *Pilgrim*, but deprive my ſelfe of all happineſſe, by giving way to your concupiſcence? I have lived in many places, and converſed with men of all conditions: and I found in perſons of every quality, a naturall proneneſſe unto vanity: but examining whence the grounds of thoſe vanities came, I found them proceeding from you; from you, thoſe in-lets to all diſ-obedience. For were not you the cauſe; thoſe who are now proud, contemning others, and magnifying themſelves above the condition of earth, from whence they came, would learne humility. Thoſe, who are now covetous, thinking that the earth has not enough to fill their mouthes, would be contented. Thoſe who now give way to wrath, would put on

on the ſpirit of meekeneſſe, and learne to bee patient. Thoſe, who are now eaten up with envy, by wiſhing to others as to themſelves, would be charitably diſpoſed. Thoſe, who now riot out their time in the dainties and delicacies of earth, would bee more temperate. Thoſe, who now impaune their honour to the Harlot, would be more continẽt. Thoſe, who now ſpin out their time in ſecurity, would bee better employed. Oh ſigh and groane poore unhappy *Pilgrim*, take thy ſelfe now into the ballance; weigh and examine thy ſelfe: Let not one houre paſſe over thee without a ſigh; not a minute without a ſob. Take away the force of this *Engine*, this fearefull *Baſiliske*, with inceſſant Rivers of teares: Thou haſt yet a little time left thee;

thee; bestow not one moment of it, but to Gods glory. See how every minute thou art nearer unto death; how those Messengers of the Grave tell thee thou canst not live long. There is not the least graine of sand which passeth through this Crevit of thine houre-Glasse, but may assure thee that thou art hasting on to the Sepulcher of thy Fathers. Canst thou then find any time to game, play and sport thy selfe in *Idumæa*: seeing, there is no way secure from snares; no place that may promise peace? Where, if there bee any pleasures, they are full of vanity: or, exceeding to an higher measure of ill, they are nursed by iniquity. Take them at the best, they are mutable, because subject to frailty; but take them at the worst, they are miserable,

ſerable, becauſe they deprive us of glory.

O benigne Ieſu, my ſweet Redeemer, quench theſe deſires *of my* fleſh, *and refreſh me with the* delights *of thy* ſpirit. *Let not the luſt of the* eyes *have any power over me: but exerciſe thou me in thy Law. O my deare one, bee not farre from me, for if thou leave mee, what ſhall become of me?*

CHAP. 10.

The pride of life.

POore pride! what haſt thou in thee that may pleaſe thee? what good thing that may praiſe thee? Can the *Leopard* pride himſelfe in his ſpots: or the *Swan* in her black feet? What

What haſt thou, which thou haſt not received: and if received, to whom is the glory to bee rendred? Thou haſt nothing of thy ſelfe but ſinne, and ſinne begets ſhame. What ſhame is it then to magnifie thy ſelfe in ſinne? Shall thine *Horſe* or thy *Speare* ſave thee? or ſhall the ſtrength of an Hoaſt deliver thee? Looke upon that vile *matter*, whereof thou wert made! Poore duſt and aſhes was thy moulding; and to duſt and aſhes muſt be thy returning. Is this cover of fleſh, ſuch a dainty thing to glory in? Muſt not the beauty thereof turne to rottenneſſe and corruption: and the glory thereof ſleepe in the duſt? Muſt not that faire front be pilled, and her beauty pillaged? Muſt not thoſe ſparkling lights, which, ſometimes made others priſoners

ners: or which made thy ſelfe a priſoner by their wantonneſſe, become Lodges, forlorne Lodges for wormes? Muſt not that face, now ſo phantaſtically in-laid with *Love-ſpots*, become an horror to the beholder? Muſt not every part or parcell of that goodly piece, that faire building, fall into ruine, irreparable ruine? Nothing then, poore *Pilgrim*, canſt thou find without thee, wherein thou maiſt juſtly pride thee. Looke inward then; and ſee if thou canſt find any thing there that may procure thee favour in the preſence of the Almighty, by approving thee a fitting Inſtrument of his glory. Ah me poore ſinfull wretch! what mountaines of heavy-preſſing ſinnes doe I feele, ever ready to ſinke down this ſurcharged veſſell of my ſoule!

ſoule! I begun no ſooner to live, then to love ſinne. No ſooner to breath, then breath forth the infection of ſinne. The world receiv'd me no ſooner for a dweller, then ſhe admitted me for a ſinner. Sometimes, indeed, when ſo much grace was given mee, I communed with mine own heart: and begun to examine my ſelfe what I had done, "what "works of mercy haſt thou "performed? what actions of "perfect obedience haſt thou "expreſſed? Bring forth that "poor man, whom for Chriſts "ſake thou haſt cloathed. That "hungry-ſtarv'd ſoule, whom "for his precious ſake thou haſt "relieved. Were't thou ſo "poore as thou couldſt not doe "it? Hadſt thou not ſo much "as one ſingle *mite*, nor one "*cuppe* of *cold water* to beſtow on

" on Christs members ! Blush ;
" O blush thou wretched Pil-
" grim ! Thou hadst change
" and choice of cloathes, and
" these in thy Wardroabe must
" lye rotting ; or to *Moaths*
" become feeding. Thou hadst
" oyle and meale in thy Pit-
" cher ; yea, thy store-houses
" surfeted of plenty : and thy
" wine-presses groaned in their
" fulnesse : yet must the hun-
" gry soule perish, rather then
" be relieved ; The thirsty die,
" ere hee bee refreshed ; The
" naked be utterly starved, ere
" hee be cloathed. Look then
" and take a full view of thine
" *inward man* ; and see if there
" be any thing in him, that may
" justifie thee by him ! Sift
" and search him ; the more
" thou shalt discover him : the
" more thou shalt be ashamed
" of him. Whence then thy

pride ?

pride? whence thy *vaine-glory?* Reſolve thy ſelfe to teares; fall proſtrate before the Throne of grace. If thou have a deſire to be like thy Saviour; love *humility*, it is the beſt badge of Chriſtian honour. In whomſoever dwelleth the *pride* of *life*; that ſoule cannot dwell in Chriſts love. Theſe are ſeverall lodgings, and are reſerved for ſeverall perſons.

O my Redeemer, give me a perfect knowledge of my preſent condition; that by it I may learne true humiliation. Let not the hand *of the* ſinner *move me, nor the* foot *of* pride *draw neare mee. Hee knowes not himſelfe, that can bee proud: Oh keepe me from being proud, that I may know my ſelfe.*

CHAP. II.

How neither the Law of Nature *nor of* Grace *could call him home from his wandring course.*

THe *wild Asse* which runneth here and there, and *snuffeth* the wind in the *wildernesse*; was a tame and serviceable Creature, in comparison of me, a Runnagate to my Fathers house, and a most rebellious sinner. Wee account that Subject, who owes allegeance to his Prince, not fitting to live, if hee at any time practise against him: and worthily doe wee so account him. Woe is me! what have I then deserved? Many yeares are now gone and past, since I left my Fathers house; since I divided my

my portion with Harlots; ſince I rebelled againſt my Prince; that Prince of Princes. Meanes had hee made; and ſundry Meſſengers had hee ſent to recall me. Hee opened unto me the *Law* of *Nature*; and there hee ſhewed before my face, and unto my ſhame: what Iuſtice and Temperance, what Moderation and Continence; what excellent morall vertues appeared even in thoſe who were Heathens, and knew no God. Theſe onely pertak't ſome weake glimpſes of a naturall light: They knew not what *Eternity* meant: nor where that *Heavenly City* was to bee found: yet hated theſe to wrong one another: or to doe to another what they would not have done by an other to themſelves. Theſe loved goodneſſe without hope of reward.

Their ambitiō was only to be remembred after death: or by their commendable lives leave to others examples how to live. Yet were all their *vertues* but *ſplendid vices*; nay, meerly ſin; becauſe whatſoever is not of *faith*, is *ſin*.

From theſe then, taking me by the hand, he brought me to the *Law* of *Grace*: Where he ſhewed me what wondrous things he had done for mee. How, though I was bound, infinitely bound unto his Majeſty. Even by the *Law* of *Nature*, for my creation: in diſtinguiſhing me from all others; nay, in ſetting me above all others: & in giving me a command over all others: yet had it bin nothing to have created me, had he not likewiſe redeemed me: loſt I was, and eternally loſt: & he ſpared not his own to make me one of his own. Nor had all this ſufficed me:

(for

(for ever was I failing and falling:) had he not likewise sent his Holy Spirit to preserve me from a finall falling. And now what heart so hard, whom these many benefits would not soften? And yet I (the more miserable I) careless of my owne state, or what may hereafter befall my poore sinfull soule, have not beene as yet either *allured* with his *mercies*, or *awaked* with his *judgements*. I had a *Law* in my *Members* that foolishly sent forth her *Prohibition* to stay *proceedings* in all other *Courts*. I applied my eare to the Cimball and to the Timbrell: I tooke my fulnesse of pleasure in sinne. No sense could take delight in any Object, wherein I strove not to satisfie her appetite. Thus did I transgresse the *Law* of *Nature*, and by that meanes made my selfe worse then an

Heathen. Thus did I reject the *motions* of *Grace*, and ſo diſhonour'd the ſtyle of a Chriſtian.

O my good Shepherd, call this thy loſt ſheep now back from wandring. Bring him to thy Sheepfold, where hee may find plenteous refreſhing. Write thy Law *in his* heart. *Let it be as a* Frontlet *unto his eyes; As a* chaine *to his neck; As a* bracelet *to his arme: Let him looke into it, and as in a* Glaſſe, *correct himſelfe by it. O teach me thy* Law, *that my ſoule may take delight in it, and live.*

CHAP.

CHAP. 12.

He takes a view of the whole Decalogue, and hee ſcarce finds in it one Commandement, wherein either in part or in all, he has not beene a moſt grievous ſinner.

WHo would not think it ſtrange, that any one ſhould forget what the very ſight of himſelfe might make him remember? I can neither looke upon mine *hands* nor *feet*, but their number and account might cauſe me to call to mind that *ſacred number* which was delivered to *Moſes* in the Mount. But admit I ſhould lay this *Holy Decalogue* aſide in mine *owne houſe*, my private family: yet when at

any time I come into *Gods houſe*, my very care cannot chuſe but bring it to my memory. The view whereof is heavy to mee. For what one *Commandement* in all that *Decalogue*, which in part or in all proves mee not an high delinquent? A grievous Sinner, and what is worſe, a ſlow Repenter! O when that Booke ſhall be opened; and my ſinfull life compared to what is in it! when this marke of diſtinction ſhall be ſet over my head: *Behold the man and his workes!* O how full of ſhame and confuſion ſhall I ſtand before that juſt Iudge of the ten Tribes! when that Lord of Lords, that great God of Hoſts, who is powerfull in revenge, when he ſees the malice of men to abound; when hee ſhall *ſhout* in the *clouds*; when hee ſhall come

come openly; when his fury ſhall break ſilence; when round about him a fire ſhall burne, and in his preſence a ſtrong tempeſt ſhall aſſaile us; when hee ſhall call the Heaven from above, and the earth to judge his people; when (lo) before ſo many thouſands of people, all my iniquities ſhall bee laid naked; when before ſo many legions of Angels all my offences ſhall be opened, not only of my workes, but even of my thoughts and words: when before ſo many Iudges, I, poore delinquent, ſhall ſtand, as have gone before mee in good workes; when I ſhall bee put to ſhame by ſuch as rebuke me, and by ſo many, as have given me examples of living godly; When before many witneſſes ſhall my conſcience be convinced, as with their profitable in-

ſtructions have admoniſhed me, or by their juſt actions have left themſelves for examples to be imitated by me. O in what caſe ſhall I then ſtand? what ſhall I be able to anſwer in my owne defence? to whom ſhall I fly? to what Court may I appeale? It ſhall bee then in vaine for mee, to call for the Mountaines to cover me; no place of priviledge from the Almighty. O what will become of mee, when all my offences ſhall be laid before me: nay, even thoſe which I doe not now remember, ſhall bee preſented to me! For by a certaine divine power it ſhall come to paſſe, that every ones workes good or evill ſhall bee brought backe to our remembrance, and by the ſight of the mind ſhall be ſeen with a wonderfull quickneſſe: to the end, that

Bern. Med. cap. 2.

that knowledge may accuſe or excuſe conſcience: that ſo all and every one may at once be judged. O my ſoule ſhake and tremble! conſider thy condition: with that heavy inditement that ſhall bring thee to confuſion! For whatſoever thou art now aſhamed to confeſſe, ſhall be then made manifeſt unto all. Yea, whatſoever in a diſſembling manner thou ſeekeſt here to cover, ſhall then by that avenging flame of Gods juſtice be brought to a fearefull cenſure. And by how much the longer God expecteth thy amendment, if thou neglect time, ſo much ſtricter ſhall bee his judgement, ſeverer thy puniſhment. O, but wilt thou ſay, who can keepe the *Commandements?* This is an hard taske for fleſh and blood. But I muſt tell thee, if thou have *charity*, it

it will make thy *burden light*, and thy *yoake easie*. If thou doe thy endeavour, and with a pure affection begge assistance of thy sweet Saviour: when all outward helps faile thee, hee will be neare thee. Hee who bore his Crosse for thy sinnes, will nayle all thy sinnes upon his Crosse. Hee who bad thee, *Doe this and live*, will doe this for thee that thou maist live. Hee who commanded thee that these things should bee done, will doe for thee whatsoever hee hath commanded to be done. But this, poore Pilgrim, thou knewst long since. His goodnesse could bee no strange thing unto thee: seeing his *natural propriety* unto goodnesse; his *universall power* and *Omnipotence*; and his *specioll experience* have not onely made him knowne to thy infirmities:

but

but mov'd him to compaſſionate thy infirmities. Both willing and able is he to heare thee; in the bitterneſſe of thy ſoule to cheere thee; in the bed of thy ſickneſſe to cure thee. And wilt thou yet complaine, and ſay, "This yoake "is hard; this burden is heavy; "when he, who trode the *Vine-* "*preſſe* alone, will make thy "burden light, thy yoake eaſie.

O my ſweet Saviour make mee to take delight in thy Commandements. Pſ. 119.54. *That thy* Statutes *may be my* ſongs *in the houſe of my Pilgrimage. Give mee the* feet *of a* Roe, *that I may run after thee. O draw me after thee, and I will follow thee. Set before mee, what thou haſt done for me: ſo ſhal the memory of thy Croſſe, make my* burden light, *and my* yoake eaſie.

CHAP.

CHAP. 13.

Hee examines himſelfe touching the firſt Commandement.

THough thou haſt not heard the *voyce* of the Lord with *Moſes*: yet haſt thou heard the *Will* of the Lord from the hand of *Moſes*. Thou haſt heard how he was a *jealous God*; he would have none to pertake in his honour: nor ſhare with him in what was onely due to him. He ha's told thee how he was *thy Lord, thy God*: and that thou ſhouldeſt have *no other Gods but Him*. Now lye thine hand on thine heart, and tell mee, Haſt thou performed this? yes, wilt thou ſay, I was never ſo Heatheniſh as to worſhip any Gods of the Gentiles. It was his houſe I went unto: His Name

Name I did honour to. I joyned in the Supplication of Saints; I went after no *ſtrange Gods:* It was the *Lord of Hoaſts* whom I ſerved: The *Lord* of the *whole Earth* whom I honoured: yet, tell me, were there no other *Lords on Earth* whom thou ſerved? yea, didſt thou not make the very *Earth*, thy *Lord*, in preferring it before Heaven, and the hopes of a better life? Whatſoever is by us, moſt loved; that for a God is by us worſhipped. Now, reſolve mee, unhappy Pilgrim, wherein can more love bee ſhowne then in weakning and enfeebling our ſpirits with purſuit of what we love? Now, compare thy houres which thou haſt beſtowed on the ſervice of *Mammon*; with thoſe thou haſt more happily employed in the Courts of *Sion*!

Haſt

Haſt thou not beſtowed ten houres on Earth, for one on Heaven? Nay, haſt thou not depended more upon thoſe *Egyptian reedes*, theſe *Helps* on *Earth*, then thoſe *Hopes* of *Heaven*? Though thou wentſt to the Lords houſe: and with a ſeeming humility caſt thy ſelfe down before him. Though thy Prayers were mingled with teares: and thy *weake devotions* with lifting up of Eyes, and beating of thy Breſt, with other ſeeming ſignes of humilation: yet was not thine heart there wholly offered, where it ſeemed to be preſent. For long before hadſt thou built a *little Bethel* in thine heart: where thou offered thy daily ſacrifice. And here didſt thou erect a Shrine of Gold for thy God. Earth was thy Deity: thus in the Chamber of thine Heart didſt

didſt thou commit Idolatry. For hadſt thou taken him whom thou profeſſedſt to ſerve for thy God, thou wouldſt not have diſtruſted his providence, but with an holy and heavenly affiance relied on his promiſes. Nay, hadſt thou taken him for thy God, thou wouldeſt have ſerved him as he commanded thee: and with all thine heart loved him, as he well deſerved from thee. Thou wouldeſt not have ſuffer'd his *Members* to have ſtarv'd while thou ſurfeted: nor his *Family of faith* to have mourned while thou rioted. Thou wouldeſt have had the *ſtaffe* of *bread* in readineſſe to ſupport them, counſell in ſtore to adviſe them: all fitting ſupplies in the time of their neceſſity, to relieve them. Meane time, thine heart was more hard then the *neather Mil-*

ſtone;

ſtone; with a deafe eare couldſt thou heare their grones: with a pittileſſe Eye behold their teares. Nay, ſo farre were't thou from taking him for thy God, as thou fled to other Gods: chuſing rather to loſe God by abuſing his goodneſſe, then to loſe any of thy ſubſtance. The Wizard and the Southſayer muſt be viſited by thee: the Witch of *Endor* muſt not loſe her honour. Tell me, is this to put thy truſt in God? Is this to have no other Gods before him? Is this the way to eſpouſe thy ſelfe unto him? Is this in a true and religious way of obedience to ſerve him? No; No; thou canſt not ſerve *two Maſters*: *God* and *Belial*. Thou muſt put off the *Old man*, before thou put on the *New*. Thou muſt leave thoſe *Groves* and *High places*, and in the loweſt

loweſt valley of an humble and contrite heart, come before God, and with the *penitent Prodigall*, throw thy ſelfe downe before him. — with — *I am not worthy to be called thy Sonne*: cloſing thy Supplication with this humble Petition: — *Lord, be mercifull to me a Sinner.* A Sinner! aye mee, a moſt grievous and hainous Sinner! One, who in the fatneſſe of his heart has turned himſelfe *from God.* One, who in the fooliſhneſſe of his heart has ſaid, *There is no God.* For hadſt thou reteined in thee one thought of God, thou wouldeſt have trembled to have done that which thou haſt done againſt the Majeſty of God. Nay, whereas he has told thee, that there is but *one God*, and *him* ſhalt thou *ſerve*; Thou haſt made to thy ſelfe *many Gods*: one to fullfill thy

pleaſure;

pleasure; another to advance thee to *honour*; another for *filthy lucre*. Oh how can I remember this without heavinesse of heart! To leave him, who gave me beeing: To leave him, who is my *portion*; without whom I have no beeing.

O my good God do not leave mee! for what am I without thee: or what can I do unlesse thou helpe mee? All the Gods of the Gentiles are Divels. It is thou Lord onely that hast made Heaven & Earth. Thou onely, O Lord, art my God. Those Gods who have not made Heaven and Earth, let them perish from Heaven and Earth: let Heaven & Earth praise that God who hath made Heaven and Earth.

CHAP.

Chap. 14.

His breach of the Law touching the second Commandement.

BRing forth thy golden Calfe, thy treasures of *Horeb*; thy *Dagon*, thy *Moloc*. Tell me, hast thou not reared these *Idols* in thine heart? These were but made of Gold and Silver: & these are the Metalls which thou doest honour? Where the *treasure* is, there is the *heart*. Oh, upon how unworthy a Subject hast thou bestowed it? Oh, that thou hadst razed those moulten Images, those graven Idols (too long ingraven in thine heart) which thou so unhappily adored! Oh that thou had seene into the vanity of this *painted Earth*! What a folly it was for an unthankfull

thankfull people to ſet them up a God in the Image of a Calfe that eateth hay ? And art thou any Wiſer in thy generation ? Of corruptible things, haſt thou made thy Gods ; and on thoſe who could not helpe themſelves, haſt thou relyed. What daily ſacrifices haſt thou offered to thoſe moulten Images ? Theſe kept thee awaking, when thou ſhouldſt ſleepe. Theſe made thee fearefull to Dye. Theſe made thy thoughts ſtrangers to thy true God. *Oh how bitter is death unto him that putteth his truſt in his riches !* O hatefull Idolatry, to be ſo unhappily wealthy, as to make a reaſonable Soule to do worſhip unto vanity ! *Gehazi* became a foule Leper, by making himſelfe ſuch an Idolater. O my looſe thoughts whither do yee hale mee ? nay, to what

fearefull

fearefull concluſions have yee already brought mee ! Reaſon told mee, beſides that weake beamling of grace that darted upon mee, that there was nothing in theſe but vexation of ſpirit. How, the love of the Creature took mee off from loving my Creator. How, bowing to theſe ſo hardned my heart, as it could finde no knees to bow to heaven. O depart from mee, yee workers of iniquity ! yee drawers of mee to Idolatry ! In you have I found nothing but vanity. Vaine in your promiſes : but lighter in your performances. Yee and none but yee brought mee to forget God, from whom commeth all good : and to fight under *his* Banner, who was a profeſt enemy to the Croſſe of my Saviour. But alas ! where ſhall I turne mee ? where may I fly

I fly for ſuccour in this time of danger? I have fled from him who had comfort in ſtore for mee: and polluted my Soule with ſpirituall Idolatry. It is beſt for mee to leave my ſelfe, and to leane on him who gave himſelfe for mee. My Soule is of too precious a price to be left to ſuch a keeper; as will betray her to her enemy for a moments pleaſure.

O my ſweet Saviour receive thou mee into thy boſom. Decline my affection wholly from adoring theſe Moulten Images *of worldly vanity. Let me imprint thee my* crucified Ieſus *in my heart: ſo ſhall I aſcribe all honour to him whom I love beſt, my bleſſed Redeemer.*

CHAP.

Chap. 15.

His transgressing of the Third, in prophaning Gods name.

VIle Worme! filthy dung! Sinfull dust! darest thou *prophane* his *name*, at whose voice the Mountaines shall quake & tremble; at the breath of whose nostrills the high hills shall be melted; the mountaines shall be laid levell with the valleyes; the whole foundation of the Earth shall shake and be removed? And yet, unhappy Pilgrim, thou fear'dst none of these things. Thou went'st on in *Dishonouring* his *Name*: nay in minting new Oaths, as if the reprobate had not already found out enow to dishonour his Maker! And these thou held'st a great grace

to thy discourse: For the imaginations of thy deceitfull heart were so set on mischiefe; as thou heldst *Deepe Oaths* the *breaths* or *accents* of a brave spirit: the *strength* or *sinnews* of any discourse. This made thee consort and keepe company with the *Dames* of the time (for with this title are they highly pleased) to suck from them this profane venom: this spawne of the most odious senseleſſe Sinne that ever the Divell suggested. Senseleſſe indeed! For there is no one Sin which either one way or another affords not some vaine delight unto the Sense: whereas this Sinne is so *senseleſſe* of any such *Object*, as it onely *affrights* the *Conscience*. Affright! yea, and worthily may it affright. Seeing, *Gods judgements shall never depart from the Swearers*

Swearers Houſe. Stand amazed, poor miſerable Pilgrim, while thou heareſt this! Put thy ſelfe in the Ballance: and tell mee, whether during all theſe dayes of thine unhappy pilgrimage, thou haſt not practiſed this Sin? Sometimes in deceiving thy Brother with ſubtile Contracts: binding the value of thy *commodities* with an Oath, to enforce him to beleeve what thy Conſcience told thee was not true. Sometimes in thy *good reſolves*; calling God to witneſſe that thou haſt fixed thy reſolves on this, and if God pleaſe, thou meaneſt to effect it; and thou wer't perſwaded that it would pleaſe God that it ſhould be effected: meane time thou either weakly failed in what thou intended, or elſe never meant to performe what thou ſo ceremoniouſly vowed.

Againe, how earneſtly haſt thou ſworne, and herein *taken* his bleſſed *name* highly in *vaine*, that thou wouldſt not ſleepe till thou hadſt revenged thy ſelfe of thine Enemy? And far more conſtant wer't thou in purſuit of this ill, then in performing ought that was good. How deepely haſt thou vowed, to procure thy pleaſure: which enjoyed, how careleſly were thy vowes regarded? with what coldneſſe rendred? Thou haſt read how ſuch prophane Tranſgreſſors as theſe, ſhould be *taken away* from the *preſence* of *God*, never to ſee his *face*. And yet for all this, wouldſt not thou loſe the glory (inglorious glory) of one Oath for the forfeit of ſuch a prize. Not one part or Member of thy glorious Maker, thy ſweet Saviour, but muſt bee

piece

piece meale rent, torn & divided to have thine hatefull humour satisfied. That precious Head that was with thornes crown'd must bee affresh pierced; That precious Side which was with a Speare pierced, must be againe wounded; Those broad-spreading *Armes* so cruelly racked; Those pure *Hands* so pittifully nailed, must be anew opened; Those humble Feet which were so unmercifully bored, must be againe pounced. Every wound must be revived; all his sorrowes renewed. O unworthy Wretch, what hope canst thou have, that he will look on thee in mercy, who hast so cruelly renued his wounds, and increased his torments with thy prophane Oaths and hatefull Blasphemy? How maist thou thinke to hide thy selfe in those Wounds which thou

haſt thus aggravated with thine impiety? Was it not ſufficient for thee once to have pierced his *Head*, his *Side*, his *Hands* and his *Feet*, & with thy crimſon ſinns to have ingaged his precious Soule to death, but thou muſt be every houre crucifying him with new Oaths, hatefull curſes, ſinfull imprecations? O what maiſt thou thinke will become of thee? What hope, what helpe in the depths? He cannot chooſe but turne that *Head* from thee which thou haſt ſo diſhonoured; that ſweet and lovely *Face* from thee which thou haſt ſo buffeted; that precious *Side* from thee which thou haſt ſo wounded; thoſe immaculate *Hands* from thee which thou haſt ſo nailed; thoſe beautifull *Feet* from thee which thou haſt ſo bored. And now, whither

ther wilt thou fly; ſeeing there is no refuge for thee, neither in the *Mountaines* nor in the *Valleyes*? Nay the Depths ſhall not cover thee from the Sight of his Majeſty. Thou mightſt, indeed, have found a Reſting place in the *holes* of the *Rock*: but they are ſhut from thee by reaſon of thine impenitency. O wilt thou in this caſe, this fearfull caſe and condition, ſuffer thine head to take any reſt? O wilt thou abuſe thoſe ſweet Motions of Grace, and become worſe and worſe the nearer thou art to thy Grave? Wo is mee for thee, for I muſt ſuffer with thee: and receive the *wages* of ſin for inuring my mouth to Oaths, and inthralling thee my poor Soule, to the reward of ſhame!

O my mouth, how apt haſt thou beene to learne an Oath;

before thou hadſt well learn'd to *ſpeake*! Often hadſt thou in thy *Mouth* to diſhonour him: ſeldom in thine *Heart* to meditate of him. O how unſeemly will his praiſe ſound in thy *polluted Lipps*? how dry and unacceptable thy devotions from ſo *corrupt an heart*?

O my good God look not upon mee as I have beene; but as I reſolve hereafter by thy grace to bee. Cleanſe thou mine *Heart* and my *Mouth*: that with the one I may *beleeve* unto *righteouſneſſe*: with the other I may *confeſſe* my Sinns, with the good things which thou haſt done for mee, unto *Salvation*. Let onely *yea, yea*, and *nay, nay*, be in my communication: whatſoever elſe is of Sin, unleſſe it bee before a *Magiſtrate* to witneſſe a truth.

O my

O my Maker keepe thou my Tongue, for it is a ſlippery member: So direct it, that it may utter nothing but to thine honour.

Chap. 16.

His diſhonour to the Lords Day.

MAy not God bee ſerv'd with his owne? May not he who appointed Sixe dayes for the uſe and ſervice of man, reſerve one for the more peculiar ſervice and worſhip of himſelfe? It is not much that he hath required of thee, and what ſervice ha's hee received from thee? In the very beginning, after God had created man, beſtow'd upon him his owne Image; and put him in poſſeſſion of a World of de-

lights in one Garden; one Eden; He gave *Adam* a command, a ſtrict command, and upon a great forfeiture. Yet became Man ſoone diſobedient: no long time in the Garden, till a convicted Delinquent. Now behold! as of all thoſe Trees *Adam* was but of one reſtrained: So of all the dayes in the Weeke, there is but one which God hath for himſelfe reſerved: yet neither that, nor this muſt be obſerved. Thou needeſt no Arguments to perſwade thee that the *Sabbath* is *morall*; being ſo far from making it *Evangelicall*, as thou didſt make it thy day to ſatisfie thy luſts. At beſt, thou thoughtſt thy ſelf well imployed that day, if thou beſtow'd it upon ſight of a Wake, a Morrice dance, or the ſociable frequent of an Alehouſe. Yet had it beene better for

We are before all others, to beſtow Holy dayes in pious works and religious wayes. Aug. Sup. Pſal. 22.

for thee to have *digg'd*, then have *danced*; to have *plow'd*, then ſo to have *unhallow'd* this holy Day the *Sabbath*. How carefull wouldſt thou be of obſerving a profane meeting: where God was never remembred but in Oaths! Such merry Meetings might not be forgotten: the end whereof was to forget God and his Iudgments: and if it were poſſible, to put farre from them the *evill day*. But as the *fumes* of *drinke* begot forgetfulneſſe in the Evening: ſo the *ſenſe* of *ſinne* begot bitterneſſe in the Morning.

O my God! one Day, and but one Day; and muſt thy commands be neglected that one Day? Was there no day for thee, thou profane Pilgrim, to commit ſin with greedineſſe; to follow thy looſe luſts with eagerneſſe; nor to ſlave

ſlave thy ſelfe to all filthineſſe, but that very day, that peculiar day which God had ordained for his owne honour: and wherein his Sanctuarie ſhould be made the houſe of Prayer? Was this the way to make thy handyworke to proſper, or give a bleſſing to thy Labour? If at any time, thy occaſions, not of *neceſſity* but *pleaſure* ſollicited thee; thou held'ſt it no ſcruple of conſcience to diſpence with the *Sabbath*; thou wouldſt crave leave of God, nay thou wouldſt take leave againſt the expreſſe will and warrant of God. Neither muſt occaſion of profit nor pleaſure ſuffer leaſt neglect for Gods honour.

But admit, either through want of employment or feare of Preſentment thou repaire to the Temple. How didſt thou behave thy ſelfe there? Did not thy

thy irreverence and neglect of his Worſhip bring thee to that paſſe, that thou went'ſt forth with an heart more unſanctified then thou cam'ſt in? Was not thine heart wandring in the World, while thy body was at Church? Did not the houre ſeeme long unto thee, whileſt thou wer't thus undevoutly buſied in this thy enforced Practiſe of Piety? Yes, yes, unthankfull Pilgrim; thou knoweſt this too well. No houre could be more tedious then ſo imployed; how then could that *ſtony Soile* of thine *Heart* bee fructified? how could thy *ſeered Conſcience* be edified? Better had it been for thee, not at all to come to it; then by this thy repairing to it, thus to prophane it.

O God of Sabbath! *O God of* reſt!

reſt! *who haſt ordained thy* Sabbath *the* type *of our* reſt: *Make mee to know that it is thy* Day, *which I am to obſerve; and thy* Houſe *whereto I repaire. Thou haſt ſanctified thy* Sabbath; *Sanctify me likewiſe for thy* Sabbath. *Thy houſe is an houſe of Prayer; in my* Lipps *let there be* praiſe: *in mine* Heart, Prayers: *and make thou pure the* viol, *that it may more acceptably poure forth thoſe* odours *of her* Prayers.

Chap. 17.

Hee confeſſeth how this bloody-iſſue of ſinne ſtreamed forth likewiſe into a breach of the Second Table; *and firſt of diſobedience to his Parents.*

PRomiſes of long life, proſperity and ſucceſſe in the World,

World, are and have been ever perſwaſive Orators to the eare of a Worldling. Long life is a comfortable thing to a Worlding; becauſe hee, who ſetts his reſt upon the World, expects ſmall comfort after this preſent World. Had there been no further hope of future happineſſe, this very promiſe of *long dayes* might have brought thee to Obedience. But alas, this was the loweſt of my thoughts, the leaſt of my cares. I deſired in mine Heart to be the Maſter of an eſtate before Nature would allow me it. I took my portion, and went away into a farre Countrey. And there I plaid the riotter, till I became a miſerable Begger. Then, and never till then did I conſider what I had done. For by this time had I forgot my Fathers Houſe: So

long

long and ſo ſweetly had I been lulled in the Lappe of Sin. But having now reap'd the fruites of my *Diſobedience*, I begun to have a remorſe of Conſcience: and to have ſome ſmall ſenſible feeling of repentance. But never till ſuch time as I had fed freely of thoſe empty huskes of vanity: and found my ſelfe ſo miſerably poor as if I return'd not back to my *Fathers Houſe*, I might of neceſſity periſh, there were no remedy. Nay, I muſt to my ſhame confeſſe it, that ſuch was my *diſobedience*, and ſo crooked my will amidſt my greateſt neceſſities, that this my averſion from evill and converſion to good, rather proceeded from want of meanes then ſincerity of will. For had my *Portion* continued, the *arme* of *Sin* had been nothing ſhortned. And yet had my want brought

brought mee to this naturall conſideration; as to thinke with my ſelfe, what *Parents* were; What benefits I had received from them: how they had done for mee what I could never poſſibly do for them. How Creatures endued onely with ſenſe by a naturall inſtinct, bore that tender love and obedience to their *Parents*; as in their age they foſter'd them: on their wings they carried them: deſiring rather that they themſelves ſhould periſh, then their *Parents* ſuffer, which gave a being unto them. But theſe Conſiderations onely *floated* upon the Waters of mine heart, they never *ſunck*. A naturall proneneſſe to obey the Luſts of my Fleſh, hung ſuch heavy poizes on the Wings of my Obedience, as they kept me from mounting: deſiring rather to

Ciril. Baſil. Homil. 8. & 9.

to dye then wholly to leave my rebellion. Thus was I never weary of transgressing, till my transgressions became weary of mee. Neither was I sensible of what *disobedience* meant: till I was brought to a Consideration of it through want. Wo is mee! How could I promise to my selfe *length of dayes*, when I had disseised my selfe of that *promise* by my *disobedient wayes*? How could I be lesse then rejected of my Father in Heaven; who had borne my selfe so disobediently to my Father on Earth? How could I look for an *inheritance*, falling so desperately into all *disobedience*?

O my deare Lord, to whom Obedience *is better then* Sacrifice; *call mee now home unto thee! Let me no longer run on in my*

my rebellious Course. Like a Childe that feareth to be beate, let mee tremble at thy judgments. Like a Child that flyeth into his Fathers lappe, let mee kisse thee for thy mercies. Correct mee, O Lord, but not in thine anger, for how shall I stand in thy displeasure? O I know, as there is no Sonne, whom a Father will not correct with the rod of his love: so is there no Father who has not a desire to deliver his Sonne. Correct me, O Lord, as thou art my Saviour: oh let it never be in thine heavy displeasure.

Aug. Med. 39.

Chap. 18.

His contempt of the Second, in his practising mischiefe against his Neighbour.

ONe may *commit murder*, and shed no blood. The very

very thoughts of our hearts may become Conſpirators againſt our Neighbour, and ſo wee *murder* him in our deſires. *Caine* ſlew his brother *Abel*, which made him turne Runnagate, by flying from Gods preſence. O how often have I *ſlaine* my brother in conceiving cruell thoughts, which reflected upon his life, fame and ſubſtance? O how often have I in mine heart wiſhed a ſudden end unto mine Enemy! And yet I was perſwaded, hee was not well prepared for death when I wiſhed this unto him; ſo as my deſires were bent to *murder* him both in ſoule and body, by wiſhing him ſo ſudden and unprepared a death in his departure from the body. Yea, I will confeſſe againſt my ſelfe, and with much bitterneſſe of heart, will I acknow

knowledge it ; that neither *rich* nor *poore* have beene freed from those *murdering* imaginations, which my corrupt heart had secretly nursed. For if he were *rich*, I *murdered* him with *Envy*. And in this act, not only him, but my selfe. Wasting and eating up my owne marrow : consuming my owne strength, and falling away with a languishing desire of others ruine. Againe, were he *poore* ; I to my power *murdered* him : by holding from him the *staffe* of *bread*, when I might have relieved him : by grating and grinding the face of the needy : by oppressing him injuriously : by laying heavier burdens on him then hee could beare. O how can I remember these, and sinke not downe with the horror of them ? Can I think, that just God who heares the Orphans

phans cry, and bottles up the Widowes teares, will not avenge himselfe of these things? Can hee tender his *little ones*, & not revenge himselfe of those who make a prey and spoile of his *little ones?* O no, my Lord, I know my guiltinesse is not hid from thee: Nay, I know well thou hast thy Bow ready bent, and thine Arrowes in thy Quiver to shoot at the malicious and evill doer, even at him that is of a subtile and deceitfull heart. How then may I make my peace with thee? How may I find favour in thy sight? what shall I bee able to answer for my selfe against those my many Accusers? While here one proves how I sought his *life:* and with many bitter imprecations discovered my malice unto him. Another accuseth me with impeaching

ing his *good name*, that precious perfume of every good man. The third of his *Substance*, saying that my wishes were often that he might be reft of it, or it of him: or that I my selfe might enjoy it with the losse of him. Thus like a cruell and bloody *Nimrod*, have I hunted for blood: And though I did not actually shed it, yet in desiring it, and not seeking where I might to prevent it, I cannot plead lesse then that I am guilty of it. Now my fact is so foule, that should I with the poore condemned Prisoner, demand my *Booke*, I could not hope to have the benefit of it; yet there is a *Booke*, wherein I have read what may afford mee much comfort by it: *At what time soever a sinner doth repent him of his sinne from the bottom of his heart, I will put away*

away all his wickednesse out of my remembrance, saith the Lord.

It is the Lord that hath said it, even he, who as hee is gracious in his promise, so is hee faithfull in his performance. Hence is my trust; that though my *sinnes* be as red as *scarlet*; the *blood* of the *Lambe* will make them *white*. Though my garments bee all red as those who came from *Bosro*: my Saviour has in store a *white roabe* for me. As white as the *snow* of *Salmon* shall my soule be made, though she be now soil'd with the leprosie of sin. Yea, but dangerous wounds require longer cures. My afflicted conscience tels mee that I have grievously sinned against his sacred Majesty, both in quantity and quality. I have not had God before mine eyes: the pathes of righteousnesse were

were estranged from me. Those sinnes which with such greedinesse I had committed, had sent forth their cry to the clouds: they were of no inferior nature, but such as derogated highly from the honour of my Maker. What may I then expect, but that those *Viols* of his *wrath* should be poured forth even to the bottome: if hee did not looke upon me with his eye of fatherly compassion?

It is true, my deare Lord, it is true; No sinner ever exceeded me in number and nature: yet comming to thee with an humble contrite heart, receive me, loving Father, for one of thine. Though my sinnes might justly make a partition wall *betwixt my soule and thee my sweet Spouse, for ever; yet hast thou promised to be a Saviour to every penitent*

sinner. O Lord looke upon me in thy mercy, for my soule is sore vexed within me!

Chap. 19.

His Contempt of the Third, in playing the Wanton.

IS it time to feast, and play the *Wanton*, when the *Flood* is comming? Every houre ushers me to my *Grave*, yet am I still farre off from receiving the motions of *Grace*. Woe is me, that my *Dalilah* has rob'd mee of my strength! What a long time of *youth* did I lead; as if that *Spring* would ne're have done? How strongly, nay how strangely have I beene taken with a *whorish behaviour*; as if there had beene no well-beseeming beauty but what was accom-

accompanied by impudence? How often have I taken delight in the countenance of a *ſtrange woman*? How deſirous have I beene to take; how ready to bee taken? That *Belcome* could not open, nor in her opening diſcover the feature of a woman, which my wanton eye did not fixe on. Forbidden fruit and ſtolne waters were ever ſweeteſt. Lightneſſe had got ſuch poſſeſſion of mee, as were it in action or diſcourſe, there was nothing which took mine eare more, or made the houre leſſe tedious. I had read how that the *Adulterer* and *Whore-monger* God would judge. How, that the *pleaſure of fornication* was *ſhort*, but the *puniſhment* of the *Fornicater eternall*. And ſometimes I had the grace to conſider with my ſelfe what thing this *Eternity*

was? And the more I begun to consider it, the further I was from it: yet I found it to bee such a thing as admitted no end: and yet I unfortunately made a forfeiture of it for a moments pleasure. Pleasure shall I call it? no; that cannot be properly called a *pleasure* but a *torture*, which dams the soule for ever. I found the deceitfulnesse of this sinne: with what resolves I made hourely, to become a true and unfeined Penitent, never to returne to my vomit. I consider'd how a *continent soule* was the *precionst treasure*; how God would not dwell in that heart that was infected with this sinne. All this I applyed to my heart; but alas, how long did it remaine uncorrupt? No sooner was there an occasion of temptation offered, then my

my vaine heart quite forgot what ſhee had reſolved. The thought of *Eternity*, was preſently choaked with an hapleſſe deſire of enjoying what was lighter then vanity. Woe is me that any *reaſonable ſoule* ſhould bee ſo deluded! That neither the promiſes of a better life, nor the ſhame of this preſent life could decline mee from working ſuch iniquity! I found how all bread was ſweet unto the *Adulterer*. How none was more eſtranged from his love, then whom hee was bound moſt to love. Thus I periſhed with open eyes: for I knew well how the *Harlot* would bring a man even to a *morſell of bread*. How her paths were full of deceipt; and how her foot-ſtepps led unto death. And I underſtood how there was nothing to be compared

to a *vertuous Woman*, and what felicity I enjoyed in such a Choice. With what pious Obsequies I solemniz'd her Funerals; whom I once enjoyed: with what purposes I entertained to remaine a constant Widdower, after such time as I was deprived of her. Yet, though ripenesse of yeares had nipped in mee the blossoms of youth: nay, though age had writ deepe furrows in my brow, yet found I youth enough in my doating fancy. For I am ashamed to thinke with what an unbeseeming lightnesse I encountred a strange face. How soone I could gather by the wandring motion of her eye, the dispositon of her heart. Thus in my declining age begun I to renue my acquaintance with light love: and to practise that

which

which did least become me. So dangerous is the custome of sinne, when it has taken full seazure, or possession of the soule.

O my sweet Iesu, clense me from my secret sinnes; *and give me grace to remember these things with heavinesse of heart: Let me goeall the day mourning: and with teares of hearty contrition, move thy tender heart to compassion. O cure this bloody issue of my sinne! apply unto my bleeding wounds a present cure: As thou lookt upon* Magdalen, *and made her an holy Saint of an hainous sinner: so looke upon mee with the eye of pitty, that I may find thee in the day of my visitation. a gracious Saviour.*

Chap. 20.

His breach of the Fourth, in his cunning defeating of his Neighbour.

MY conscience hath oft-times told me, and woe is mee that I remembred it not, how there were many other kinds of *Theft*, besides purloyning, or imbezling of my Neighbours goods. In *defeating* him of what was due unto him: nay, in *finding* what I knew to bee his, and not restoring it unto him; this, even this convinc'd my conscience of guilt, and that I was a Robber of him. These seeme but light sinnes, and of such easie digestion, as they seeme no sinnes at all. But these must not be forgotten, for they are writ

writ in his Booke with a pen of ſteele, and are not to be wiped away but with the ſoft ſpunge of his mercy.

I have often thought, out of the fooliſhneſſe of mine heart, that privily to take away, or defeat any one of ſmall toyes or trifles, as I accounted them, was no ſinne, becauſe they were of ſmall or no weight: whereas if I had knowne the quality of ſinne aright, I would have confeſt that it was not the value of the thing, but the intention of the heart that made the ſinne. It skils not much, whether the ſubſtance be vile or precious, which is unjuſtly procured, or injuriouſly required, ſo as the affection bee to either of theſe equally corrupted. Though they be of different dammage in reſpect of him from whom they *Fern. Med.* 11.

are taken, yet bring they equall detriment to him, by whom they were taken. O with what ſighes, with what teares did that devout Father bewayle his breaking into an Orchard, though hee was then a Boy, and therefore pardonable? Theſe are now ſo eaſily diſpene'd with, as they are held but tricks of youth. But hee could cry forth, in the anguiſh of his ſpirit, *I have had a deſire to periſh, O Lord, I have had a deſire to periſh.* O how the ſenſe of ſinne makes the leaſt ſeeming ſinne appeare heavy? O what may I thinke of my ſelfe, who have gloried in theſe things! A graine of ſand though it bee light, yet much ſand laid together will preſſe us. And a drop of water though it be light, yet many waters gathered together may drowne

Aug. in Confeſſ.

drowne us. O what heapes of sinnes (and those no small sands) have I raised, with those Giants, as if they had beene Mounts to menace heaven? So I might cunningly make a prey of the poore; and colour my sinne with faire pretences: I had mine end, farther I sought not. It was the eyes of men that I feared, I tooke no compassion of others misery; neither were mine eyes on him, who is the Avenger of the poore and needy. I perceived likewise in these *Tents* of *Kedar*, where I was too long a Sojourner; how there were other *thefts* and of an higher nature, being such as stept up boldly to the Altar? And these were *Symoniacall Contracts*; and I understood how no *thefts* were like these *holy thefts* for *gaine*, nor yet detected of lesse

guilt,

guilt, Conſcience was made a thing of equivocation. Rich *Donations*, according to their name, ſeem'd to be *given*, but they were *ſold*; and that ſo cunningly, as if the *Conſcience* had beene as ſenſeleſſe of ſin, as *Man* was of himſelfe, it might have paſt with impunity. And in the peruſall of theſe, mee thought I could have brookt well to have beene ſharer: but in theſe I was no actuall offender, though much againſt my will, for I was no impropriator. In impairing likewiſe, the fruits and offerings of the Church, I had a deſire to have an hand, albeit I knew this to be taxed for a great offence by the Prophet, and ſuch as God did highly hate. *Will any man* (ſaith he) *rob God? yet ye have robbed me: but yee ſay, wherein have wee robbed thee? In tithes and offerings.* Whence

Malac. 3. 8.

Whence hee ſtraitly chargeth them to bring all manner of *tithes* unto his *ſtore-houſe*, that there may bee *meat* in his houſe. By this I underſtood, that there was a *Snare* to the *Man*, who *devoured* that which was *holy*. Yet while the *Snare* was in readineſſe, I went on in my wickedneſſe. When I ſaw a *Thiefe*, I ran with him; nay, before hee practiſed that trade, I could tell him; that, as to *digge* would bee a *toile*, and to *beg* a *ſhame*; ſo to take where opportunity gave way, would ſhew a brave ſpirit. Thus was it not ſufficient for mee to periſh alone, without drawing others into the ſame ginne. My life became their line, which being crooked, brought them to as untimely an end. Thus did I ſee, and ſeeing fall, and falling bring others to bee ſharers in my fall.

9

Prov. 20. 25.

O

O my gracious Redeemer, as thou lookt with the eye of pitty upon the good Thiefe; *as thou rewarded his late conversion, and short confession with the promise of a Paradise, a place of endlesse consolation; vouchsafe to cast thine eye upon mee and save mee. The* Kingdome of Heaven *suffereth* violence; *let it be my* holy theft *to lay hand upon it: to suffer all things for it; that as thou sufferedst all torments to procure mee, so I by suffering with thee, and for thee, may enjoy thee in it.*

CHAP.

CHAP. 21.

His breach of the Fifth, in suppressing testimonies to witnesse a truth, or subborning witnesses to maintaine an untruth.

NEver was there sinne of higher quality, that admitted more impunity. Whereas I might have performed an office of Christian charity, in giving testimony before a Magistrate to settle my Neighbors estate; or in clearing his good name; or in vindicating his cause from a powerfull injurious Adversary: were it in my selfe or any other; I have laboured to *suppresse* the *testimony*; cloisd with the worser party; and so for mine own ends strength-

ſtrengthned an injury. Or if this failed, being ſo well practiſed in evill, I would not ſtick to *ſuborne witneſſes* to maintaine an untruth: and by falſe oathes to *ſuppreſſe* a truth. And yet I thought with my ſelfe, who could bee ſafe, if ſuch hatefull Agents could be ſafe? if it were ſufficient to accuſe, who would be found innocent? yet whether it were for *gaine* or *ſpleen*, or to purchaſe a powerfull friend; Truth muſt bee out-countenanc'd, becauſe private ends were made to beare it.

The excellent ſpeech of that Heathen might have wrought much on mee, for it well deſerved to be ever printed in my memory; who, when his friend came unto him, deſiring him to take a *falſe oath* in a cauſe of his which highly concern'd him,

him, made answer: you must, said hee, beare with me, I cannot shake hands with truth so easily. There are many friends to be gotten if I lose you: but if by *forswearing* my selfe I lose the favour of God, I cannot get another, there is but one God.

πολλοὶ πολλοὶ φιλοὶ, εἷς καὶ μονὸς ὁ θεος.

I had heard of the fearefull judgements likewise of many false Accusers, suborned witnesses, and hatefull Suborners, what miserable ends befell them; how they were discarded from the company of all good men; how they were to weare some badge or marke of distinction, that every one might know them, and knowing abhorre them. Yet was this path so much better, as I could not but thinke, that there was some gainefull thing in it, or else it would not be so much frequented

quented. And this common Road was ever held the *neerest* and *securest*. And so indeed, I found it; the *neerest* to destruction: and so little *safe* by *being secure*, as my security brought me to the brinke of perdition.

Indeed, I tooke occasion sometimes to talke with my selfe (whom I ever found my greatest foe) and by communing with mine owne heart, to sift & search my selfe through, by how I stood affected. And even in the breach of this Commandement I thus reasoned. "Tell me, Pilgrim, dost "thou know what in this case "thou ought'st to doe: and shall "the sollicitancy of a power-"full friend prevaile so farre "with thee, as to bring thee "to doe what thou ought'st "not to doe? Hast thou not "to doe? Hast thou not a friend

"with

" within thee, whose favour
" thou art to preferre before all
" friends without thee? And
" will not this deare bosome
" friend of thine, thinke
" much, that either for love,
" hatred, dread or reward, thou
" shouldst despise her, nay sell
" her; and by this meanes make
" thy neareſt friend thy Accu-
" ſer? And I begin to inquire
what friend this might bee! And I found right ſoone how it was no other then my *Conſcience*; who, howſoever I bore my ſelfe to her, would deale faithfully with mee; and juſtly as I had deſerved at her hands, either accuſe or excuſe mee. This was likely enough to have wrought ſome good effect upon me; but alas, worldly reſpects made me forget my beſt friend. So as ſhee, who ſhould have ſtood in the gate, and

and ſpoken for me, is now become mine Enemy.

Sweet Jeſu, thou, againſt whom ſo many falſe witneſſes ſtood up, to condemne thee; vouchſafe to be a witneſſe for me, that I now hate what ſometimes I ſo unhappily loved; and intend to love what I ſometimes undeſervedly hated. To witneſſe *a* truth, *were it for my deadlieſt Foe: and to* ſuppreſſe *an* untruth, *were it to the prejudice of my deareſt Friend.*

Deare Lord, be thou my defender againſt the Devil, my great Accuſer!

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

His diſ-eſteeme of the Sixt and laſt, in coveting what was an others; and deſiring to increaſe his owne with the loſſe of others.

FOoliſh wordling, thine own experience had not long ſince told thee, and thou mightſt have remembred it, had not thy folly ſo deluded thee; how touching the world, he had the leaſt part in it, who had the moſt of it. Againe, he had the moſt command over it, who with moſt indifferency uſed it. To love it, was to be drowned in it: to leave it, was bravely to neglect it, and in that neglect amply to be ſupplyed by it. Where as ſuch as be *worldly*, are ever labouring of a *Dropſy*. The richer they are

are in eſtate; the hotter they are in purſuit. Theſe ſee, and yet they will not credit their own ſight, what a very ſmall portion of Earth muſt ſuffice them! How their thirſty and unbounded deſires muſt be then brought to a ſtrait, a very ſtraite compaſſe! And theſe things I oft times conſidered; wondring much at the vanity of men; that knowing how their *mouths were to be filled with gravell*, how any thing could in reaſon be ſo deare unto them, which ſhould choake them.

Bern Med. 17.

And yet caſting mine eye upon my ſelfe; I found very well how I was one of this Liſt. One that could ſcatter his owne like a prodigall rioter; and catch at an others like a covetous Miſer. One that could bee content that his Neighbours providence ſhould main-

maintaine his riot. One that had a dangerous leering eye after his Neighbours Wife; or more then a moneths mind to his maid; or to such a parcell of ground which lay fitting for him; or to some of his Cattell; and these, even any of these, could he find in his heart to enjoy without returning satisfaction for them.

It is true, very true, that the Story of *Ahab* is old in respect of *time*, but new in respect of daily *practise*. Every day shall wee find an *Ahab* borne; every day a *Naboth* dye. His Vineyard must occasion a breach betwixt him and his Land-lord. He must forego it, or loose his life that owes it. The anger of a Great man is violent. His will is his Law: his inferiour must *bend* or *breake*. If the plot lye neare him, it becomes an eye-

eye-sore to him. Hee will either buy it, or come any way by it that he may enjoy it. O how can I utter this without remorse? How may I endure my selfe when I heare these things? These are they which wound mee, for like poysonous Arrows they stick in my flesh, neither can I answer one for a thousand. How strong have beene my desires in shedding my owne bloud? What dayes have I spent in carefull carking, painefull toyling? What nights in cunning compassing, watchfull contriving how I might come by my purpose? These cares made sleepe many nights a stranger to mine eyes. And yet this my affliction seemed sweet unto me; such was the strength of an inured misery. O my Soule, how tedious would one of these houres have seem'd

ſeem'd, had it beene employed in caſting about for that inheritance which ſhal never *periſh*! Alas! what could I imagine, that this earthly Tabernacle of mine ſhould never be diſſolved? That my indirect wayes ſhould never bee brought to judgment? That God had forgotten the poor; and that he would not revenge their wrongs to my ſhame? yes, Lord I conſider'd this, and the more my ſinne: for I ſought to put away thy *judgements* farre from my memory; not to think of them leſt they ſhould ſtartle me. Thus was their doctrine deare unto me, who ſought to ſow *pillows* under my *elbow*. To fatten me in my tranſgreſſions, with a *tuſh God ſeeth not*. But, O Lord, holy and juſt, thine eye is ever over mee: and thine eare is not ſhut from mee; nor

from those who cry for vengeance against mee.

This it is which causeth mee to walke heavily all the day long; to chatter like a *Craine*: and with much affliction of spirit to poure forth my complaint to thee my Lord and my God. O when I remember, how cunningly I sought to winde mee into the acquaintance of my Neighbour; how smoothly I glozed with him; what court'sies I offer'd him, meerly to surprize him, & make my selfe a gainer by him! how I seemed to esteeme least, what I prized most, that so my practises might be suspected lesse! How I could easily dispence with any indirect way, so I might by it be brought to mine owne end! How I neglected no time to fit mine owne turne! O while I remembe

thes

theſe things, I am utterly caſt downe; there is no breath in mee; my fleſh faileth mee; and my ſtrength decayeth within mee. For I know, Lord, how thou haſt theſe things in thy remembrance; and if thou deale with mee according to thy juſtice, there is no hope for ſuch an incorrigible Sinner; he is loſt, he is loſt for ever. And yet, Lord, there was a little *Zacheus*, whom thou calledſt from the Receipt of Cuſtom; and, no doubt, who knew the World, and how to make gaine in the World; who left his Calling for thee; climb'd up into a Figtree to ſee thee: and came downe ſpeedily from thence to receive thee: and that he might more fully confirme his love unto thee, divided his goods, that hee might wholly reſerve himſelf for thee.

O deale ſo with mee, my ſweet Saviour, that of a Covetous Sinner I may become a true penitent Convert, in beſtowing the ſmall remainder of my dayes to thine honour.

Chap. 23.

Hee takes a view of thoſe Seven Spirituall workes *of* mercy: *and acknowledgeth his failings in each of them.*

THou haſt taken now a full view of thoſe two Tables, delivered by God unto *Moſes*; by him to us. And thou canſt not, to thy great griefe, finde one, the breach whereof may not juſtly accuſe, nay convict thee. Goe on yet a little further, and thou wilt find thy ſelfe ever worſer and worſer.

Tell

Tell mee, doeſt thou hope to receive mercy? Thou doeſt well to hope; for without hope, the heart would break: but what haſt thou done that might become ſo acceptable in his ſight, as may bring thee in a full hope or aſſurance of receiving this mercy at his hands? Thou knowſt well, that wee are to *worke out our ſalvation with feare and trembling*: That, not unto him that cryeth, *Lord, Lord*, but for him that *doth the will of his Father which is in Heaven*, is the place of bliſſe prepared. For if *workes* be the *fruits* of *faith*; to make a fruitfull faith thou ſhould'ſt apply thy ſelfe to bee plentuous in good works. Thou knoweſt, how the barren *Fig tree* became accurſed; how the *barren Wombe* in the old Law was held accurſed. The *Phariſees*

riſees Prayer, becauſe it bore more *leaſes* then *fruit*, was rejected. The *Publicans* Prayer becauſe it bore more *fruit* then *leaſes* was accepted. Love is the fulfilling of the Law. Now, what argument is there of the love we beare him: if wee have not a longing deſire to doe that which may pleaſe him? The proofe of our love unto God is: to doe ſuch workes as are acceptable unto God. Now, he has already told thee, what *Works* may beſt ſuit thee: and ſuch as may move him to take moſt delight in thee. And theſe are thoſe *Seven workes* of *Mercy*. Now, take a little time, before time leave thee, to examine thy ſelfe impartially; what a kind of proficient thou haſt beene in theſe. Whether thou haſt not ſo carelesly borne thy ſelfe towards God in perfor-

ming

ming them, as thou maist worthily *acknowledge* thy *failings* in each of them.

O Lord open thou mine heart: and give mee understanding in all things: let mee open mine heart unto thee, and poure my selfe forth before thee: and suffer mee not to flatter my selfe in my transgressions, lest I perish eternally. Thou hast prepared mee the wayes wherein I am to walke: O Lord make my wayes streight before thee: and so water me with the dew of thy grace, that I may bring forth fruites of repentance plenteously.

Chap. 24.

Teaching the ignorant.

BRing forth that Schollar whom thou hast brought up in Christs Schoole. Whom hast thou fed with the milke of his word? Whom hast thou seene carried away with the blast of every vaine doctrine, and hast sought to reclaime him? whom hast thou at any time perceived to bee *ignorant* in the principles of faith, and hast taken paines to informe him? whom sciſmatically affected, and thou laboured to convert him? whom seditiously minded, and thou sought to compose him? Hast thou taken pitty of thy Brothers ignorance, and brought him to a knowledge of God and himselfe

ſelfe with the ſpirit of meekeneſſe? Nay, haſt thou taught thine owne family: and by thine owne example wained them from folly? O no, poor Pilgrim, theſe things have been farre from thee. It is for thee rather to confeſſe, how many from the light of the Goſpel, thou haſt brought into ignorance. How many thou haſt deceived with a pretended zeale. How many thou haſt brought from the knowledge of the truth, by intangling them in errors; falſe opinions; ſtrange doctrines. O how many have come unto thee to receive inſtruction from thee; or to bee ſatisfied in ſome ſcruple, wherin thou mightſt have done an office of charity, if it had pleaſed thee: whilſt thou, regardleſſe of thoſe wounds of a troubled conſcience; either ap-

plyedst no cure at all unto them: or else uncharitably left them intangled in more doubts then thou found'st them. And was this the way to *teach* the *ignorant*: in *corrupting* rather then *correcting* the *delinquent*? In *perplexing* rather then *resolving* the truly Penitent?

O my best Master, looke downe upon mee with the eye of thy favour? I know well I might have brought many unto thee, which by my loose life, and false doctrine I have drawne from thee. O teach me thy Law, that I may not onely learne it my selfe, but teach others by the patterne of my selfe, to love, live and delight in it.

CHAP.

CHAP. 25.

Correcting the delinquent.

AS it is humility first to examine ones selfe: so is it charity to correct in an other, whatsoever he holds corrigible in himselfe. Gods Law is the Glasse, which will present to us every blemish that is upon the face of our soule: Wherin, we are ever charitably to consider, and acknowledge too, that whatsoever troubles our Brothers eye, is but a *mote*, compared to that *beame* which is in our owne. But say, unprofitable Pilgrim, wherein hast thou done this Second *spirituall worke* of *Mercy*, to *Correct the delinquent*? Nay, rather hast thou not cherished him in his sinnes: and told him they were

were none, when as they pierced the clouds, and came up with a ſtrong voyce even into the preſence of God? Haſt thou not *bleſſed* the *wicked* in his *evill wayes*: and mov'd him to make a league with his tranſgreſſions? Yes, Lord, yes; yet not unto all, have I done this. For ſome there be whom I have *corrected*, nay *cenſured* rather then *corrected*. For my deſire was to have their ſinnes publiſhed to their ſhame; to have their good names taken away; to have them houted at in the ſtreet, which taſted more of *detraction*, then *correction*. For this I did not with the *ſpirit* of *meekneſſe*, as I was commanded: but with the *ſpirit* of *fury* or *indignation*, which brought them to bee rather hardned in ſinne then reformed. But I muſt confeſſe, I offen-

offended farre oftner in the former then in the latter. I meane in humoring ſinne; either to make me more endeared to them: or elſe for feare leſt the very like ſinnes ſhould bee found out and reproved in mee by them. So as my owne guilt made mee to palliate their ſin.

Deare Lord, I know well I have often ſinned herein: I have ſtood in feare to reprove the tranſgreſſions of others, and therefore became I Author of their death: becauſe that poyſon which by crying againſt, I might have expelled, I have not expelled: in humoring thoſe which I ſhould have corrected. Nay, what was more: I conceived indignation, againſt all ſuch as reproved me for my vices: ſo as, thoſe have I hated, whom I ought to have loved; and whatſoever diſtaſted or diſpleaſed me, I de-

I desired earnestly that they should not be. O forgive me these. And make me henceforth such an Enemy to all vices, as I may correct *my selfe with an impartiall sharpenesse: Others with the spirit of compassion and meekenesse.*

Chap. 26.

Counselling the indigent.

COunsell to the poore and needy, is as a receipt unto the sicke, in the time of his extremity; what availes a Medicine unapplyed; Physicke unministred; or counsell unimparted? I have known such as were destitute in this kind; how with teares in their eyes they importuned my advice: and I had it in readinesse, but would not minister it: because hee

hee was poore and despicable in the eye of the world, that beſought it. And alas, was this the cauſe? Hadſt thou beene well adviſed, thou wouldſt rather have given it, becauſe hee was poore and ſuccourleſſe that did requeſt it. For conſider thy owne poore condition (hard-hearted Pilgrim) and in what caſe thou ſtandeſt. How thy good and gracious God, ſhould hee not looke downe upon thee with the eyes of his mercy, and take pitty on thy poverty, what might become of thee? Into what ſtraits has thy ſoule beene brought? how dry, & deſolate? how weake and diſconſolate have bin thy ſtaggring reſolves? How fainting and heartleſſe have beene thy hopes? Foes thou hadſt without thee, feares within thee; not the leaſt beamling of comfort ſhone

upon

upon thee. Yet for all this, thou foundſt a faithfull Counſellor to adviſe thee; a gracious Comforter to refreſh thee. And yet thou quite forgotſt all this, when thou ſaweſt thy brother in neceſſity. He complained to thee how hee was wronged, and it lay in thine hand to redreſſe it, but thou wouldſt not be ſeene in it. Thy *Counſell* at leaſt thou mightſt afford it, but thou denied him it: or which was worſe, ſo adviſed him in it, as might rather hinder then further him in the purſuit of it.

Gracious Lord, in whoſe breſt are layd up all the treaſures of knowledge and wiſdome: and from whom are all the Counſels *of the wiſe; direct mee in the wayes of life; remove from mee the wayes of death. Give mee a*

ſoft

ſoft and meek ſpirit, that I may uſe all good meanes to bring home thoſe that are wandring; to ſtrengthen thoſe that are ſtanding. To helpe the ſuccourleſſe: comfort the comfortleſſe: and to afford my beſt Counſell *unto all, according to their ſeverall neceſſities. O my deare Lord, pardon mee for the neglect of this duty, and make me to redeeme the time with a cheerfull conſtancy.*

Chap. 27.

Comforting the afflicted.

AS Affliction is the meanes to bring man to the *knowledge* of himſelfe; ſo gives it occaſion of trying the *Charity* of an other. *Who is hee, that was afflicted, and I comforted him not?* Now anſwer, poore Pilgrim,

grim, if thou canſt, to this Intergatorie. Haſt thou at any time applyed comfort to the afflicted? nay, rather haſt thou not rejoyced in his affliction: or with one of *Iobs* miſerable Comforters, increaſed his affliction? Haſt thou plaid the part of the *Levite* or *Samaritan*, when thou foundſt him wounded? Didſt thou poure the balme of thy beſt comfort into him? Didſt thou ſupport him in his weakneſſe? Solace him in his heavineſſe? O no! though before the time of his affliction I profeſt my ſelfe his friend: and upon all occaſions would be neare him: yet when hee fell from what hee was, I ſhrunke from what I profeſt; my countenance begun to bee changed towards him: And was this to *comfort* the *Afflicted*? was this to bind up his wounds?

wounds? was this performing the office of a friend? Did I to this afflicted ſoule, as I deſired to bee done unto? Had I not ſometimes felt the bitterneſſe of an *afflicted ſpirit*; even in mine owne bowels? And then I roared out--*O--a troubled ſpirit who can heale?* And yet God in his due time comforted mee, expecting that the like ſhould be done by me. But no ſooner was I ſet on my feet, then my corporall cure ſtript me of all ſpirituall care, I drunke wine in bowles, and applyed mine eare to the ſound of the Harpe; I ſtretched my ſelfe on beds of Ivory, fatning my ſelfe with the delights of vanity, but never ſorry for the *Affliction* of my brother *Ioſeph*.

O my deare Lord, deale not thus with mee. for I periſh, if thou

thou turne away thy face from me. I have beene in heavinesse, and thou didst comfort me; bring me to a fellow-feeling of an others misery: that I may mourne with those that mourne, and partake with them in their affliction; for so shall I receive comfort in the day of my visitation.

Chap. 28.

Suffering injuries patiently.

I Have often thought with my selfe, how I never more neatly resembled my Saviour, then that very day wherein I became a sufferer. And yet so strongly had flesh and blood wrought upon me, as I found nothing more hard to digest then an injury. I left my Patterne, and runne into the *world*.

Where

Where I found *revenge* playing her part, crying, *No peace, no peace.* And I became one of her Followers. Offences receiv'd I weigh'd above their quality; but done, I could leſſen them ſmoothly. So partiall a Friend was I to my ſelfe; ſo violent a Foe unto others. Wee uſually account that beaſt the ſtrongeſt, that can beare the greateſt burdens: meane time, wee hold him the weakeſt that has a back to beare the greateſt injuries. But alas, what matter makes it what fooliſh fleſh account him! Hee is not for Gods preſence, who will not *poſſeſſe* his *ſoule* in *patience.* And canſt thou ſpeake this, proud Pilgrim, and not tremble? Doſt thou call to mind what unſufferable diſhonour the Lord of lords ſuffered for thy ſake? what mockings, what ſpit-

tings,

tings, what buffetings, what whippings, what reproachfull torments hee ſuffered that thou mightſt bee free? yet what did his innocence anſwer for it ſelfe but in ſilence? And yet for all this, thy blood muſt bee inflamed, if the leaſt occaſion of diſtaſte be offered; thy reputation cannot beare it; thy ſpirit muſt not ſo be baffalt.

Poore paſſionate worme, what a fire're is this thou makeſt with thy ſelfe? pray thee tell mee, who made thee thine owne revenger? O doe not rob him who made thee, of what is due unto him, and what is eſtranged from thee! Oh, but this *Revenge* has beene no ſtranger to me. That day nor night paſt not over me, wherein ſhee kept mee not company: and with her preſſing urg'd mee to requite an injury. Shee dicta-

ted

ted to mee what a disgrace it was for a man of quality to beare an affront from any: how these would live, when I were dead, and leave an aspersion on my Grave. These, and such as these made me forget God: and to take out of his hand what was due unto him.

O thou avenger of the needy, raiser of the humble, and puller downe of the Mighty; let it bee never said of mee, that I have sought to rob thee of thy glory. Revenge is thine, and thou wilt repay it. Be it so, Lord; and may hee be taken in his own snare who seekes to prevent thee in it.

O may the presence of my crucified Saviour, make mee become a patient sufferer.

CHAP.

Chap. 29.

Forgiving Offences heartily.

WHat a dangerous thing the *Memory* is, when made a *Reteiner* of injuries! This caused that noble Heathen to desire rather how to learne the art of *forgetfulnesse* then the art of *Memory*; because hee remembred more things (meaning of *offences* done him) which hee desired to forget, then ever hee forgot what hee desired to remember. This very case is mine: I have suffer'd, but not comparably to what I have made others suffer. I held the *offences* done me so unsupportable, as they were above the power of flesh and blood to beare. Reconcil'd I would not be unto death; for death

death I pretended easie to such an injury. So as, though by continuance of time, and interceed of friends, I might seeme in some sort to coole; all that their perswasions could bring mee to was this: I would *forgive him*, but never *forget him*. I would ever have an eye on him: nay, rather if I at any time met him, I would ever have mine eye from him. My heart was not with him. Neither could I with patience (such was my malice) speake unto him. And was this to *forgive offences heartily?* O how could I looke upon the Image of God in him, and forget my selfe so much towards him, as not to vouchsafe to cast a good countenance upon him? Vile wretch, what might become of thee, if God in his justice should so deale with thee! was there ever

offence done by the most profest enemy, that may be compar'd to those which wee daily doe to his divine Majesty? O no! How is it then? Must hee both *forget* and *forgive*; and thy rancour such, as thou wilt only *forgive* but not *forget*? O poure thy selfe forth into a Sea of teares; be so farre from not *forgiving offences* when thine enemie does begge it; as thou dost *heartily forgive* him before hee begge it.

Deare Lord, this I resolve to doe; but weake are my resolves if they be not assisted by thee; O give mee then in these holy motions such constancy, as in the remembrance of thy love unto mee, I may forget offences heartily: *and so receive remission of my sinnes at thine hands in the day of mercy.*

CHAP.

CHAP. 30.

Praying for his Perſecutors fervently.

THis Leſſon was taught me by my Saviour, when amongſt others hee ſuffered for mee the worſt of all others. When the feares of death encompaſſed him; when nothing but ſorrow and heavineſſe accompanied him; even then, when his Perſecutors deſerved leaſt, ſhewed he his charity moſt. *Father forgive them, for they know not what they doe.* Thus did hee excuſe them from malice, imputing all they did unto ignorance: ſo full of compaſſion was hee, even in his greateſt anguiſh. Now, reſolve mee, poore Pilgrim, wherein haſt thou ſhowne thy ſelfe an obe-

obedient Scholler to ſuch a Maſter? wherein haſt thou obſerved this Leſſon? Haſt thou prayed for them, who ſought to make a prey on thee? Haſt thou wiſhed from thine heart, that he might ride on with honour, who ſought thy diſhonour? Nay rather, haſt thou not curſed, where thou ſhouldſt have bleſſed? Haſt thou not reviled him who wronged thee: nor ſought to impeach his fame who wrought miſchiefe againſt thee? yes, yes unhappy Pilgrim; none could bee more ready to inflict, then thou to requite. To pray for them, or to performe any office of charity in behalfe of them; was ſo farre from thine intention; as thou accounted it rather an act of *weakneſſe*, then *devotion*.

Deare

Deare Father, this I consider: and with griefe of heart confesse my selfe herein a foule transgressor. Sweet Iesu, thou who prayed for thine Enemies, teaching us to doe the like for such as should persecute us, give mee grace to doe good to those who doe evill unto me; to love those that hate me; to forgive those who trespasse against me; to spare such as offend me: and to pray *for all such as* persecute *me; and that with such fervency, as my prayer may bee accepted in the time of their necessity.*

Chap. 31.

He takes the like view of those seven corporall workes *of* Mercy; *and acknowledgeth likewise his failings in each of them.*

FRom the view of those *Spirituall Works* of *Mercy*; in every one whereof thou hast found thine infinite failings, descend now, poore Pilgrim, to those *corporall workes* of *Mercy*, necessarily required of every Christian, to make him of a bond-man to sinne, a Free-man and a Citizen. But alas I much feare mee, that my desires have been so long allied to earth, nay laid in earth, as these *Workes* of *Mercy* are estranged from my knowledge.

Truth is, poore Pilgrim that

that I am, I have obſerved theſe *Workes* neglected, with the reaſons from whence ſuch neglect proceeded. For, taking my Survey of all conditions: I found here one, who, priding himſelfe in his *youth*, beſtow'd ſo much time in company, as he reſerved no time to thinke of *Workes* of *Mercy*.

Another I found taken with his owne *beauty*; who tooke ſuch content in looking upon himſelfe, as hee had not one looke to beſtow upon his needy Brother. Another was ſo *rich*, and ſo devoted to that worldly Idol, as it was death to him to afford one crumme of comfort to relieve him that was diſtreſſed. Another, as one *diſtruſtfull* of Gods providence, refuſed to performe all offices of charity, fearing his too much bounty might bring him to poverty.

Another I might heare *presuming* of Gods mercy; and flattering himselfe with--*Tush God will be mercifull.* Though wee should forget what hee hath commanded us, hee will not forget to performe what hee hath promised us. Another seeing the whole world set on mischiefe; and how the simple and innocent were most scorned, to avoid the *scorne* of the foole, hee scornes not to become such a foole as to follow the haunt of the wicked. Lastly, I might find an other of so soft and delicate a condition, as these *Workes* of *Charity* were too sharpe and full of *austerity*; this man would take no acquaintance of them, lest hee might become enfeebled by them. And such as these in thy Survey on earth hast thou seene and observed; but pray thee,

poore Pilgrim, all this while that thou obſervedſt others, was there nothing thou couldſt find in thy ſelfe? Sure I am, thou oughtſt to have endeavored with all thy power, and all thy knowledge to know thy ſelfe; for farre better and more laudable had it beene for thee to know thy ſelfe, then by neglecting and forgetting of thy ſelfe, to have knowne the courſe of the ſtarres, the ſtrength of herbes, the complection of men, the natures of all inferiour creatures, with the experience and knowledge of all heavenly and earthly things. For better is a ſimple Swaine then a proud Philoſopher. I gather by thy owne words, thou haſt been a notable Obſerver: but wherein haſt thou ſhewne thy ſelfe an able Profeſſor?

Bern. Med. 5.

O my Lord, I know not what to answer. I ſtand at thy Barre, and have nothing to plead for my ſelfe. Onely deare Lord, I muſt confeſſe to my ſhame, I have ſinned, I have ſinned. *Not one* work *of* Mercy, *but I have either wholly neglected, or not performed as thou haſt commanded. O Lord, impute not my ſinnes unto me, leſt I periſh everlaſtingly.*

CHAP. 32.

Feeding the Hungry.

THou haſt heard read the parable of *Dives* and *Lazarus*; and thou condemned the hard-heartedneſſe of *Dives*, that rich Glutton; who, amidſt thoſe various diſhes of his, would not afford ſome few Crums,

Crums, ſome poore fragments from his well-furniſh'd Table, to feed a poore hunger-ſtarv'd Begger: And upon re-view of that ſtory, concluded him juſtly damned, for ſuffering his needy Brother to periſh, while he ſurfeited: So as his very dogges might partake, what poore *Lazarus* could not get. Nay, this hungry Begger received more courtſie from his dogs then from their Maſter: For they *licked his ſores*, wheras from *Dives* hee received no comfort, no ſuccour.

But now tell me, unhappy Pilgrim, may not I ſay to thee, as that Prophet ſaid to *David*? *Thou art the man.* Didſt thou never ſee thy poore neceſſitous Brother *hungry*, but thou hadſt compaſſion of his poverty? Didſt thou goe to thy *Cruſe* to refreſh him with *oyle*: or to thy

thy *Barrell*, to make him a Cake, that hee might walke in the ſtrength thereof, and not die? Nay rather, haſt thou not ſuffered him to cry at thy gates, till his very bowels earned within him; and thou wouldſt not heare him? Haſt thou not beſtow'd more liberally upon the proud *Actor*, then on thy poore *Brother*? Nay, haſt thou not ſowne ſo laviſhly thine ill-beſtowed fortunes upon the Brothell or Stage, as thou haſt left nothing to give to the poor mans boxe? Haſt thou not ſuffered ſome of Chriſts owne Members to periſh for want of food? And didſt thou not underſtand, how ſo many as thou ſuffered thus to bee ſtarved, when thou mightſt relieve them, ſo many haſt thou murdered, and thy blood ſhall anſwer for them.

O my

O my Lord speake for me; for shal I say I have not done this? my Conscience will then accuse mee, and say I am a Lyar. I confesse, Lord, I confesse, I have not fed *the hungry: but rioted wantonly, fatning my selfe in mine owne security. O give mee hencefortha soft and compassionate heart: that I may truly suffer with my poore Brother in his necessity: and out of that store wherewith thou hast blessed me, ever reserve a portion for the* hungry. *I know Lord, that thou art the Avenger of the poore. For if* Lazarus *begge a Crum, and may not have it:* Dives *shall crave a drop, but not receive it. O cloath my soule with compassion, that shee may avoid that fearfull condition! Nay, I never see any* hungry *begger, but take pitty of him for his sake, whereof he is a Member.*

CHAP.

Chap. 33.

Giving drinke to the thirſty.

IT is wonderful thou ſhouldſt not remember thy poore *thirſty* Brother with one cup of cold water, when thy cup flowes over ſo plentuouſly, partaking of Gods bounty in ſo ample a meaſure. Thy cuſtome has beene to riſe early in the morning, and to gather thy Companions together, and to drinke till your eyes grew red, and to put away farre from you the evill day in jollity and pleaſure. Meane time, thoſe very *Snuffes* which your exceſſe procured, would have beene ſweet drops to many poore *thirſty* ſoules, who for want of drinke have fainted. O but I can gheſſe why thou, who thus rioteſt in thy delights, decaying thine health with healths; art

ſo

ſo forgetfull of thy *thirſty* Brother. Deep drinkers are ever of the ſhalloweſt memories. But I muſt tell thee, that a day will come (and fearefull will be that day) when, howſoever thou now with full cups and looſe company removeſt theſe things far from thy memory: all theſe neglects, uncharitable neglects, ſhall be preſented before thee. Then thou wilt find none with a light ſong to ſpend a ſerious houre. Sulphur and brimſtone will be then an unſavory potion: And yet this muſt be thy portion: becauſe thou abuſed the good creatures of God; in beſtowing them on wantonneſſe, that might have miniſtred reliefe to others neceſſities.

Gracious Saviour, thou who in thine extreme thirſt, *hadſt no better drinke given thee then* Gall *and* Vinegar, *which when*

when thou hadſt taſted, thou wouldſt not drinke, perceiving the malice of the Iewes to be ſuch, as it raged even to thine end. Give me grace to remember the ſtate of my thirſty *Brother. To abhorre all ſurfetting and drunkenneſſe: and to be helpfull to the Saints, as well out of my ſcarcity as aboundance.*

CHAP. 34.

Harbouring the harbourleſſe.

THe Pilgrims Harbour, is a Chriſtians Honour. Mild *Moſes*, loving *Lot*, faithfull *Abraham* were excellent patternes of this duty. Some of theſe received *Angels* in the habit of *Strangers*. That charitable widdow would have a bed-ſtead for a Prophet. This I know

I know well thou approveſt, for even thy ſelfe art here a *Pilgrim* upon earth: ſojourning up and downe in this vale of miſery; wholly *harbourleſſe*, unleſſe ſome take pitty of thee. For the very beſt that lives here upon earth, has only a place of *ſojourning*, no place of *abiding*. Wee come unto our Inne, and the next morning we are gone. But let mee returne to thee; and now in good ſadneſſe tell mee, haſt thou to thy power performed this Office of charity? Haſt thou received ſuch poore *harbourleſſe* Gueſts as came unto thee? Hadſt thou a lodging for them, in the time of neceſſity? Took'ſt thou delight to conferre with them; to miniſter what was needfull unto them? was their ſight deare unto thee, and that for his ſake who made both them and thee? O no! me thinkes thou

thou hangs downe thine head, as one who acknowledg'd himſelfe guilty. Thou canſt not find one of this ſort, to whom thou haſt ſhewne this *Worke* of *Mercy*. Others indeed, there are, to whom thou haſt given free hoſpitality; entertaining them cheerfully: and inlarging thy boſome unto them in all offices of court'ſie. But theſe were none of Chriſts poore ones; Theſe were none of his little ones. Theſe were none that ſtood in need of any ſuch favour. Theſe, if their hearts would have ſerv'd them, might as well as thy ſelfe have performed theſe good offices: and with a liberall hand ſupplyed others neceſſities. And was this to *harbour the harbourleſſe?* Chriſt himſelfe was an example unto thee of great poverty: for whereas the *Birds* of the

ayre

ayre had their *nests*, and the *foxes* their *holes*, yet had not hee a *place* whereon to *rest* his *head*.

Now thinke with thy selfe how memorable that worke of *Magdalen* was, in pouring her boxe of precious oyntment upon his head; how commendable that devout office of *Ioseph* of *Arimathea* was, in begging the body of our blessed Saviour; in embalming it, and bestowing it in a new Sepulchre; what an happy occasion little *Zacheus* had, in receiving him and giving him *harbour*. And if these were such good and acceptable Offices to the *Head*, they cannot chuse but have their reward, being with a single and sincere heart done to his Members.

Deare Saviour, may it be mine honour to be hospitable to my poore

poore harbourlesse *Brother. For I know whatsoever I doe to one of these* little ones, *I doe it unto thee. And what can I doe lesse then serve thee with thine owne? For what have I that I have not received from thee? Bee it then my* Crowne, *to give harbour to those needfull ones of thine which thou shalt vouchsafe to send unto me: may I lodge them in my bosome for the love I beare thee: but this I cannot doe unlesse thou give mee a liberall heart, that I may more plenteously abound in these good workes of Charity.*

Chap. 35.

Cloathing the naked.

GO into thy Wardroabe (proud Pilgrim) and see if thou findest not there *two*

Coats

Coats. Both these are not thine; thy *naked* Brother has a property in one of them. Bring it forth then unto him, and *cloath* him: for if thou keepe it from him, and he perish, thou, and none but thou didst starve him. But this little moveth thee; so thou maist observe the fashion: follow the vanity of the time, and pride thy selfe in these borrowed beauties, thou little carest how thy naked Brother fares. Change and Choice of raiments hast thou in store for thee: and these must bee cut, slashed and indented: as if thy very Garment had committed some foule crime, and were for an *Anatomy* begged. Neither is there any hope that such *light Minions* as thou consortest with should take any pitty of their *naked* Sister: having so little pitty on their owne *naked*

brests,

breſts, laid open to winde and weather, to catch a deluded Lover. Good God; how much are the uſe of *Cloaths* inverted, from what they were firſt intended! For at firſt *Cloaths* were made to keepe out accidentall cold, and to hold in naturall heat. Whereas now they are made to let in cold, and to keepe out heat. O I muſt tell thee, delicate Pilgrim, that from top to toe if thou meet thy poor Brother deſtitute or unprovided, and thou haſt in ſtore to ſupply him, and yet doeſt deny him, thou art a falſe Brother in defeating him of what is due unto him. For that very Garment which thou ſuffereſt to Moath-eate in thy Cheſt; thoſe very ſhooes which thou ſuffereſt to rot; are none of thine, but the ſhooes and Garment of thy poor Brother: yet

yet rather then thou wilt render him what is due unto him, thou canſt bee well contented that they both rot together.

And now tell me, baſe ſlime, what art thou, being in ſuch pretious Apparell trimmed, but a Sepulchre outwardly dawbed, and inwardly withall corruption filled? But what ſhalt thou bee in thy Grave, when thou art ſtript of all that outward varniſh and worthleſſe grace, which made thee ſo ſeemingly compleat on earth? Nay, what will become of thy poor *Soule*, that muſt then ſuffer for giving ſo much way to the pride of her *Maid*? What will ſhee bee able to anſwer, when her poor ſtarved Brother ſhall come forth, and in the preſence of an all-knowing Iudge, there witneſſe againſt thee, how thou hadſt *Meat*, & would

wouldſt not *feed* him ; *Drinke*, and wouldſt not *refreſh* him ; *Lodging*, and wouldſt not *harbour* him ; ſtore of *Raiments*, and wouldſt not *cloath* him ?

O my ſweet Ieſu, anſwer for mee ; for I am dumbe. Thou hadſt but one Coat, and it was without Seame, to ſignify thine unity : and for this did the Souldiers caſt Lotts, to diſcover their avarice or envy ; put upon mee the robe of Charity, that I may rather ſtrip my ſelfe and become naked, then ſuffer any naked *Member of of thine to goe from my door uncloathed.*

CHAP.

Chap. 36.

Visiting the Sick.

THere can bee no greater mercy shewne in all those outward Workes of mercy, then in this one which is exercised in the service or ministry about the Sick. For in this is both the *hungry fed*, and the *thirsty* refreshed. This receiveth Christ as if it had beene done unto himselfe, when hee hung upon the Crosse, and said; *I thirst. Whatsoever yee have done unto one of my little ones, yee have done it unto mee.* Mat. 25. Likewise, yee *cloath* the *naked*, when yee *cover* the *Sick*. And yee *harbour* the *harbourlesse*, when ye make the *Sick* mans Couch ready for him to lye in. And yee *visit* the *Prisoner*, when yee comfort

the *Sick* imprisoned by meanes of the bonds of his infirmity. Lastly, yee performe the pious office of *burying* the *Dead*, inclozing those dayes of his infirmity, with the discharge of so holy and solemne a duty. Thus by *ministring* to the *Sick*, wee performe all these *workes* of *mercy*. Yea, that this ministry unto the Sick, excelleth all other Workes of mercy and devotion, may bee thus proved. For in Workes of austerity or religious discipline, wee are said to serve God in the suffering of one Sense, or one Member. As in abstinence, wee serve him, and suffer for him in our taste; in Watching, in our Sight; in course raiment; in our Couch; in Silence, in our Tongue, in loathsom stenches, in our smell, in dolefull noise, in our Eares, and so of the rest.

Humb. Sup. reg. B. Aug.

Whereas,

Whereas, in Workes of charity in ministring to the *Sick*. First, our *Eye* serves him, in watching over him, and sometimes in seeing fearefull visions; in recompence whereof the glorious vision and divine Sight of God shall bee showne unto Man in Heaven, for the Charity hee bore to his Saints on Earth. Secondly, our *Smell* in feeling noisome stenches. Thirdly, our *Eare*, in hearing passionate words, grones, Sighes & extremities. Fourthly, our *Touch*, in handling and raising the *Sick*. Fiftly, our *Taste*, in abstaining from our usuall repasts for their attendance. Sixtly, our *Tongue*, in comforting them. Seventhly, our *Feet*, in running up and downe for them. Eightly, our *whole Body*, in labouring diverse wayes for them.

Now, tell mee, delicious Pilgrim (for I know a Worke of ſuch rigour has cloſed, harſhly with thine humour) haſt thou beene ever in all thy time ſerious, in performing this holy duty? Nay; I ſee thee bluſh, and freely confeſſe, when at any time thou cameſt into a *Spittle* or *Lazarello*; thine *Eye* could not endure the ſight of an old Vlcer, nor thy *ſmell* that Savour; nor thine *Eare* their clamour; nor thy *Touch* any poor diſeaſed Member. Nay, thou turned'ſt away thine Eye, thine Eare, nay, every Senſe, leſt they ſhould offend the delicacy of thy Senſe: who, though thou wer't made of the ſame Mould, and ſubject to the like infirmities: yet wer't thou ſo lightly touched with them, as thou either ſleighted them, or with a cold indevout Prayer,

er, ſaid *God helpe them*, without affording one ſmall Crumme of comfort unto them.

O my deare Lord, I know all this to be true: and how can I expect that the Head *ſhould either love mee or look upon mee, when his* Members *were ſo loathed by mee? O my good* Samaritan, *binde up this wound: and powre the Balme of thy ſaving Grace into it, that it rankle not. Give mee a ready hand to miniſter to the* Sick; *a tender heart to compaſſionate his griefe: in words to comfort him: in works to ſuccour him, in all neceſſities to be helpefull unto him.*

CHAP. 37.

Visiting and redeeming the Captive.

DOest thou desire to see such Sights as may rightly improve thee? Such as may bring thee to a more perfect view or discovery of thy selfe; lend mee thine hand; and I will lead thee to such a place as shall do this; by presenting before thine eyes, an Image of of the World: and a Picture of thy selfe. An Image of the world shadowed in the Emblem of a *Prison*: and a Picture of thy selfe in the Emblem of a *Prisoner*. Looke about thee, and thou canst not chuse but finde variety of Objects to put thee in mind of thy imprisonment. Boults, Shackles,

Shackles, Fetters, and Manacles. Sins of all sorts, spreading in every part or member of the body; to make thy bondage more miserably heavy. The wayes of iniquity are those *Boults* and *Shackles*, which needes must load thee: for what greater weight then the burden of iniquity? Thy Lusts and concupiscences are those *Fetters* and *Manacles*, which needes must restrain thee: for the too much freedome of thy body, has abridged thy Soule of her liberty, and confin'd her to live in lasting slavery.

But look upon the Prisoner! Hast thou at any time with comfort in thy Mouth, and reliefe in thy Purse, come to visit him? Hast thou laboured with a part or portion of thine owne Substance to *redeeme* him? O no! with what a careleſſe eye,

ſtony heart, empty hand haſt thou paſt the very door of that Priſon, where thy poor Captive Brother lay on the cold ground, comfortleſſe, ſuccourleſſe, and more miſerable in his *lodging* then if hee were harbourleſſe? thou haſt heard in thy Fathers dayes, how devoutly many Men and Women were diſpoſed in diſtributing a great part of their eſtates, and freely beſtowing it upon the *redemption* of one *Captive*: ſo deare unto them was the liberty of a Chriſtian. But theſe are either hid from thine eyes: or what is worſe, thou falleſt with open eyes: for long may thy Brother *Ioſeph* live *impriſoned*, before thou *viſit* him; long time *afflicted*, before thou *comfort* him: long time *inthralled*, before thou *redeeme* him.

Deare

Deare Lord, though I bee a Priſoner and have quite forgot my condition; never ſo much as opening to my poor Captiv'd Brother the bowells of my compaſſion; yet ſhut not thine eare from the voyce of my Complaint. O my Lord, though I heard not them, heare thou mee: and make mee hencefoth more ready to communicate to their neceſſity, for the love I beare thee. My whole life is a Captivity; O my joy, as thou haſt redeemed mee, ſo conduct mee to my native Countrey. O how can I ſing my Songs in a ſtrange Land! yet my deſire is to ſing of thee: for in thy due time wilt thou give mee a delivery out of all my troubles. Out of the depths will I cry unto thee, for thou haſt had ever an Eare unto my miſery.

Chap. 38.

Burying the Dead.

BVt ſure thou would'ſt not neglect this clozing duty, though thou cameſt ſhort in performing all other offices of charity. Thou haſt taken ſo much paines as to *bury* thy *dead* Brother: for even the very Heathen have performed this with due ſolemnity one to another. Nay, even thoſe, who all their life long were at deadly enmity, were it but only for Neighbourhood, would not be failing in this Chriſtian duty. And yet thou canſt ſpeake little or nothing to it. For reſolve mee but in this one ſhort queſtion: Hadſt thou never any poor Neighbour dying neare thee: and that ſo poorly as his whole

whole ſubſtance would not diſcharge his Mortuarie? Nay, haſt thou not ſeene the very Corpes of thy departed Brother arreſted, and uncharitably ſtayed; who, though he had pay'd his debt to nature, yet muſt receive no *burriall*, till his poor Corpes ha's diſcharg'd his debt unto his Creditor? And haſt thou ſought to ſatisfy his hard hearted Creditor, that thoſe due funerall rites might be performed to thy Brother? Nay, haſt thou not even in the City, when a black Cloud of Peſtilence hung heavily over it: when they fell on thy right hand and on thy left: when thou mightſt behold the late-populous and freely-frequented Streetes covered with graſſe: the very walls cloathed with Mourning: haſt thou not even then, I ſay, neglected this duty:

ty: ſecking with powders and perfumes to put from thee the evill day: and in deepe healths to drench downe the remembrance of debt, death and danger: and with a forgetfull Evening to cloſe thy dayes diſtemper? Nay, haſt thou not beene ſometimes imployed in Campe ſervice; where the murdering Ord'nance made no difference of perſons: where nothing but fire and fury raged; nothing but ſlaughter & horror ranged; nothing but dolefull voyces of dying Soules reſounded: while breathleſſe Carcaſſes lay here & there diſcatered, but un-interred: & didſt thou play the good Centurion? didſt afford thy charitable hand, after their Warrs, to bring them with peace to their Graves? Didſt thou performe theſe pious offices in any place, to purchaſe to thy

thy Soule the glad promiſes of peace? O no! Thy care was for one; and ſo thou mightſt ſecure that one, ſmall care was taken for the reſt. O how this ſelfe-love dryes up the fountaine of charity! O hadſt thou but never ſo little laine aſide this love to thy ſelfe; thou wouldſt have ſhown more love unto thy Neighbour, and therein more true love to thyſelfe!

It is true, Lord, it is true; this love to my ſelfe made me forgetfull of all others but my ſelfe. O leſſen this love in mee, that I may more plentuouſly increaſe in all offices of Charity! O give mee a charitable hand, a cheerfull heart; that I may henceforth have a care to ſee thoſe holy duties *performed, which I have ſo long time neglected. Be they* Spirituall *or* Corporall, *let their due diſcharge,*

charge be my Memoriall. But, holy Father, first prepare mee, that I may become better fitted for every distinct duty. As first in Spirituall duties, *give mee facility in* Teaching *the* Ignorant; *Affability in* correcting *the* Delinquent; *Ability in* Counselling *the* indigent; *charity in* comforting *the* Afflicted; *Resolution in* suffering injuries patiently; *Compassion in* forgiving offences heartily; *Devotion in* praying *for my* Persecutors fervently. *Likewise, in* Corporall duties; *Make me ready to* feed *the* hungry; *with that happy* Samaritan, *to* give drinke *to the* thirsty; *with those good* Patriarchs, *to* harbour *the* harbourlesse *and conduct them safely*; *with devout* Dorcas, *to* cloath *the* naked *and* needy; *with thee my best Master, to* visit *the* sick, *and if it lye in my power, to ease* their

their malady; with couragious Iosiah, *to* visit *&* redeem *those that are in* Captivity; *and with holy* Ioseph *of* Arimathea, *to* bury *the* dead, *with the performance of every other holy duty.*

O my God, may my weary Pilgrim stepps be so directed that they may dayly draw nearer and nearer to Heaven, whereto they are addressed.

Chap. 39.

With sorrow of heart he remembers those Eight Beatitudes, *whereof he hath deprived himselfe, by giving entertainment to sinne.*

VVOe is me! what good thing may I expect from his hand that made mee, when I have done none of those

thoſe things for which hee made mee? If I looke not into my ſelfe, I am wholly unknowne to my ſelfe: and if I looke into my ſelfe, I am not able to endure my ſelfe. I underſtand, and the more unhappy I, not to make uſe of his goodneſſe towards mee, how I could not partake with him in his Kingdome of glory, if I labour'd not by a good and gracious life to imitate thoſe bleſſed ſtepps of his during my reſide here in this vale of miſery. And now with ſorrow of heart, I remember, how and in what manner I have contemned all thoſe *holy duties* formerly repeated: and conſequently deprived my ſelfe; my poor neglected ſoule, bought at ſo high price, of all thoſe *Beatitudes*, pronounced on ſuch godly ones, as have walked before

fore the Lord in uprightneſſe of heart. Woe is mee, what will become of mee ? when I ſhall take up my bed amongſt Scorpions ? when my deare Saviour, that victorious Lion of the Tribe of *Iuda*, ſhall demand of mee *what haſt thou done* ? under whoſe *Banner* haſt thou fought ? if under mine, where be thy *Colours* ? mine were *red* ones ; died in my pretious bloud ; my Grimſon Wounds. But thoſe thou wear'ſt are none of mine. They are more like the Enemies then mine. Hee can be no reteiner to mee, who ſcorns to weare my livery. He cannot be my Diſciple that will not follow mee. And wherein haſt thou followed mee, unleſſe it were to betray mee ? or to rob mee of my glory ? And ſuch ever hath bin the purſuit of all the Enemies of my Croſſe.

Deare

Deare Iesu, I appeale from thy Throne of justice to thy Seat of mercy. I must confesse I have not followed thee as a faithfull reteiner, but a back-sliding follower. Nay, I deserve martiall Law, for I have fled from thy Colours: and become a Confederate with thy Enemies: yet, deare Lord, behold my teares, for thou accountest them pretious when they are offer'd by a Contrite heart. O doe not leave mee, for my Soule longeth after thee: even as in a dry ground where no water is, so has shee thirsted after thee.

And now, Lord, that I may present my selfe before thee with more humility, I will ever set my imperfections before mee: remembring what good I have omitted when I had opportunity to doe it; againe, what evill I have committed, when the remembrance of thy

mercy

mercy might have declin'd me frõ it, Amongst which let me now call to mind those Blessings *thy gracious goodnesse ha's pronounced to every faithfull follower; and then examin my selfe, whether I deserve or no to be listed in that number.*

CHAP. 40.

Blessed are the poor in spirit, for for theirs is the Kingdome of Heaven.

HVmility is the Path that leadeth to glory. There is no vertue that can subsist without it: This may be one reason why the very first *Beatitude* is grounded on it. But what are we to learne from hence? Not to be high-minded; but of an humble and meeke *Spirit*. In suffering

ſuffering diſhonour, for the honour of our Saviour. In poſſeſſing our Soules with patience. In mitigating wrath with mildneſſe. In relinquiſhing himſelfe; in preferring others before himſelfe. In judging well of others; but worſt of himſelfe. In wiſhing unto others, as to himſelfe. In rejoycing in nothing but in the Croſſe of Chriſt: yet unfainedly ſuffering with thoſe who ſuffer for Chriſt.

Now return and accompt, proud Pilgrim, whether there appeare any tokens of this *poor ſpirit* in thee? Haſt thou not ever reteined a good opinion of thine owne worthleſſe worth? Haſt thou not beene of a Contentious ſpirit? Haſt thou not anſwered reproach with reproach? Haſt thou not beene more ready in defending

thine

thine owne honour; then advancing the honour of thy Saviour? Haſt thou not beene ſo farre from *poſſeſſing* thy Soule in *patience*, as thou couldſt not endure the leaſt affront without much violence? Haſt thou with *ſoft* words mitigated *wrath*: Nay, haſt thou never ſuffered the *Sunne* to *ſet* upon thy *wrath*? Haſt thou in an humble contempt of thy ſelfe, preferred others before thy ſelfe? Nay, rather haſt thou not with the *Spirit* of *contradiction* oppoſed thy judgment againſt others; and out of a fooliſh preſumption made an Idol of thy ſelfe? Haſt thou in the Scale of Charity, preferred others before thy ſelfe? or rather, haſt thou not raſhly judged others in thine heart: and in thy too ſtrict examination of him concluded with that proud *Phariſee*,

riſee, I am not as this man is? In a word, haſt thou *judged well* of *others*; but *worſt* of thy *ſelfe*: or *wiſhed* unto *others* as to thy *ſelfe*: or rejoyced like a faithfull Champion in the *Croſſe* of *Chriſt*: or like a compaſſionate Member, *ſuffered* with thoſe who *ſuffer* for *Chriſt*? O no; nothing leſſe can I finde in my ſelfe, unhappy Pilgrim, I have ever held *a poor ſpirit* in contempt, and an unfit Companion to take acquaintance of in this World.

How then deare Saviour, may I expect an inheritance in the Kingdome *of* Heaven; *who am ſo farre eſtranged from a* mild Spirit *on* Earth? *O my Lord incline thine Eare to my petition! Renue a* right ſpirit *within mee; ſo ſhall I be endowed with what delighteth thee; by accounting a*

meeke

meek ſpirit *a ſpirituall beauty*; *and after this life, through thy mercy become inheritour of that Kingdome which thou haſt prepared for thoſe that love thee.*

Chap. 41.

Bleſſed are the meeke, for they ſhall poſſeſſe the Earth.

HEre is a promiſe that the *meeke* ſhall *poſſeſſe the earth*: and yet is it hard to find a ſpirit truly *meeke* upon the *Earth*. By which thou maiſt gather (poor Pilgrim) that there is another Earth beſides this Earth wee here tread on, which ſhall bee given for a *poſſeſſion* to the *meeke*. That *deſired Earth*, prepared onely for ſuch who have wained their deſires from earth. This is

is a Land which floweth with better things then *Milke* and *Honey*. An heavenly *Havilah*, where the pureſt Gold is to be found: nay, where the very Streetes are Paved with Gold; the Walls are of pretious Stones; the Gates are made of the beſt Margarites; thoſe many Manſions founded of ſquare ſtones, built of Saphires, arched over with golden Bricks: which none muſt enter but he that is cleane, none muſt inhabit that is defiled. Where then muſt thy poſſeſſion be in this *Land* of *promiſe*? what Manſion maiſt thou expect in this Holy City? Woe is mee! I am uncleane; I am uncleane; from head to foot there is nothing in me but boyles, ſores and runnings. How may I then looke there to receive any Manſion, ſeeing to a *Cleane Lord* is required

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quired a *cleane Habitation*? How may I thinke that my Master will looke on mee, who all my life time have observed least what hee commanded most: practised nothing more then what he prohibited; neglected nothing more then what hee commanded? How may I expect from his hands a blessing; or this promised *possession* of that earth; who never shewed so much as the least *meekneſſe* upon earth? Yet did that *meeke Lambe*, who became an offering for me, leave such a patterne unto mee; that if I were not wholly unmindfull of my soules honour: nor wholly forgetfull of the love of such a Master, I could not chuse but after his example become his *meeke* and obedient Follower. For his whole life was a *Mirror* of *meekneſſe*: seeing from the

Crateh to the *Crosse* he ſuffered all things patiently, beare all reproaches *meekely*, to reach unto thee from the tree of his Croſſe a Crowne of glory.

O my Redeemer imprint this meekneſſe *of thine in my memory; let it never depart from me; put a meeke and mild anſwer into my mouth, when any one ſhall revile me. Let me referre my cauſe unto thee, and that with ſuch Chriſtian Charity, as I may ſincerely pray for mine Enemy: and in* meekeneſſe *of ſpirit to imitate the example of that* meeke *Lambe, who with ſo reſigned a will became a Sacrifice for me.*

CHAP.

Chap. 42.

Blessed are they that mourne, for they shall be comforted.

THat wise Preacher could say, *It was better going to the House of mourning, then to the house of rejoycing.* And yet how little did this admonition worke upon thy thoughts? How pleasant have those *Consorts* of *death*; those *Brethren* in *evill* seem'd unto thee? How merrily the houre went away? Nothing was wanting to make your delights more complete: but that you wanted time to make your follies more complete. Full cups, merry Songs, prophane Oathes were the onely Actors that presented themselves in this expence of time. A long night soone past

over, but not ſo eaſily accounted for. But tell me, thou miſguided Pilgrim, were't thou as quick in thy viſits to the houſe of mourning? didſt thou labour to comfort the comfortleſſe? Didſt thou mourne with thoſe that mourn'd; or with a tender Chriſtian heart ſuffer with thoſe that ſuffer'd? O no! ſhall I rather tell thee what thou haſt done? Thou haſt rejoyced when others mourned; taken content when others ſuffered. Nay, if at any time thou *mourned'ſt*, it was ſuch, as God himſelfe was provoked with it. For thou either immoderately mourned'ſt for the loſſe of thy friend, and ſo offended'ſt him with thy exceſſive mourning; or what was worſe, for the loſſe of ſome temporall ſubſtance, and ſo provoked him with thy indiſcreet ſorrowing;

or

or which was worſe, for that thou mightſt not enjoy thy full of pleaſure; and ſo plunge thy ſoule downe into the balefull pit of perdition for ever.

Thy deſire was to paſſe time over with a merry heart: and to ſatisfie her in the luſts thereof. And yet thou hadſt ſo much divinity in thee as ſometimes to conſider, how none could partake in comfort here and elſewhere. How none could be there comforted, who was not here afflicted. How none could be there ſolaced, unleſſe hee here ſorrowed. How the Almighty had a Sonne without ſinne, but none without a ſcourge. One, who wept often, but was never ſeene to laugh. One who from his birth to his death made his life a continued Scene of ſorrow. One, who in the bitterneſſe of

his soule called and cryed to all such as past by him, to come unto him, to behold him, and witnesse with him, *If ever there were sorrow like unto his sorrow.*

O no my deare Saviour, there was never sorrow like unto thy sorrow; yet I who occasion'd thy sorrow, partake little in thy sorrow! O bring mee now to a true sense of my sinne; to a true sorrow for my endanger'd soule. Let my eyes be so well acquainted with teares; as my affection may be estranged from all joyes. Let mee become so happy a Mourner, as with devout Magdalen, *I may become an hearty Convert of an hainous sinner, and so by ceasing from sinne, become a welcome Guest to my Saviour.*

CHAP.

Chap. 43.

Bleſſed are they that hunger and thirſt after righteouſneſſe, for they ſhall bee ſatisfied.

MAny times haſt thou *hungred*; oft haſt thou *thirſted*; but tell mee was this for *righteouſneſſe*? No; this *hunger* of thine was rather like the *Prodigals* in *hungring* after the *huskes* of vanity; or like *Eſau's* in *hungring* after delicacie; or like *Ahabs* in *hungring* after anothers *Vineyard* greedily; or like *Hamons* in *hungring* after honour graceleſly. And the like was thy *thirſt*; Thou *thirſted*, but it was with *Gehezay*, after gold; or with thoſe before the Flood, after full cups; or like *Nimrod*, after blood: or like *Amnon* after luſt.

All this while, reſolve mee where thine heart is? It cannot be lodged in the Sanctuary, being ſo betroathed to vanity. Thy delight cannot bee in the Law of the Lord. Thine heart can never endite a good matter, ſo long as thou ſuffers it to wander from thee. like light *Thamar* after this manner. O how farre is this after *hungring* how to promote Gods glory? how farre is this from *thirſting* after workes of mercy? For howſoever ſome of theſe, who dedicate themſelves to the devotion of the world: upon a more ſerious remembrance of Gods heavie judgements, prepared for every rebellious and impenitent Sinner, may ſometimes ſeeme ſtruck with remorſe of conſcience; and heartily wiſh with *Balaam* the *death* of the *righteous*: yet ſo long

long as they care not for walking in the *wayes* of the *righteous*: nor with an humble holy zeale *thirſt* after *righteouſneſſe*, nor mortifie their deſires by the Law of obedience: they may bee long time *wiſhers* before they bee *enjoyers*. Such deſires can never produce good effect, which are not ſeconded with the fruits of a good life. Where piety has loſt her practiſe; there is ſmall comfort in the Court of Conſcience. As the faithfull man liveth by faith; ſo muſt hee live in the life of faith; and walke according to the profeſſion of his faith; or hee ſhall never receive the promiſes of faith. Hee who believes whatſoever is neceſſarily to bee believed: and obſerveth whatſoever is by the divine Law of God commanded, that man ſhall be accepted. But what is

to bee expected in this wide world, this wilde wilderneſſe; where there appeares ſuch want of obedience in youth; ſuch want of devotion in age; ſuch want of conſcience in both? And what art thou, unhappy Pilgrim, who ſpeakeſt theſe things; but as *leaven* to make *ſoure* the *Lumpe*? Thy life hath corrupted many, reclaimed none. None more ready to ſinne; none more ſlow to ſigh for thoſe ſinnes which hee hath committed. None *hungring* nor *thirſting* more after thoſe troubled brooks of vanity and lightneſſe; none *hungring* nor *thirſting* leſſe after thoſe precious treaſures of *Righteouſneſſe*.

Deare Lord, be mercifull unto mee a Sinner. I thirſt, *Lord, I* thirſt; *give mee to drinke of thoſe*

those waters of life: for unlesse thou helpe mee, and reach them to mee, I remaine desolate and hopelesse of reliefe in this time of my necessity. Sweet Iesu, the well *is* deepe, *and I have not wherewith to* draw; *unlesse thou draw mee to thee, and bestow on mee what with all humility I begge of thee. O increase in mee an holy* hunger *and constant* thirst *after* righteousnesse; *that my wayes and workes may bee sanctified throughout in the practise of obedience.*

Chap. 44.

Blessed are the mercifull, for they shall obtaine mercy.

CAnst thou, unmercifull Pilgrim, looke for mercy at the hand of thy Maker; and

never ſo much as open the bowels of thy compaſſion to thy poore Brother? Art thou not in farre deeper arreeres to him that made thee; then hee is unto thee, whom thou uſeſt ſo unmercifully? what would become of thee, if hee ſhould deale with thee according to his juſtice? and throw thee into that Lake of fire and brimſtone; where the *worme* is ever gnawing and never dying; *fire* ever burning and never cooling; and *death* ever living and never ending? where woe and ſorrow, howling and gnaſhing of teeth is the beſt melody that raging *Tophet* can afford. Now, to avoide a place of ſuch endleſſe torment, who would not ſuffer the loſſe of any temporall eſtate, nay even of life it ſelfe? Yet thou, unhappy one, wilt not make thee

thee friends of thy worldly *Mammon*; nor in *workes* of *mercy* expreſſe thy ſelfe a Chriſtian. Every where maiſt thou find ſubjects fit to exerciſe thy Charity; in every lane, in every ſtreet thy poore languiſhing Brother begging reliefe for his ſake, who ſuffer'd death for thy ſake: and yet thou turneſt away thy face from him: his many ragges and running ſores make thee abhorre him. Again, thou canſt not encounter thy Debter but with much diſtemper; though the times be hard; his family poore; and his neceſſities great, yet conceiveſt thou no pitty of his diſtreſſed eſtate. Thou layes thine *executions* upon him, throwes him into priſon; where it is the leaſt of thy care what become of him. Let him ſtarve for food, thou art well contented; his poore

poor enfeebled corps no ſooner loſe their breath, then thou loſeſt thy debt, and art herewith well ſatisfied.

Againe, ſhould any poore way-faring ſoule repaire to thy houſe, this Cell of thy Pilgrimage; and after that ordinary forme of begging in *Italy*, ſhould beſeech thee *to doe good for thine owne ſake*; thine anſwer, as it has been ever, would be like that churliſh *Nabals*: *Shall I give my bread and my fleſh unto ſtrangers?* Tell mee then how canſt thou looke for the leaſt drop of *mercy*, who in all thy time haſt been a ſtranger to the *Workes* of *mercy*? Oh when *hee* ſhall demand of thee, who gave himſelfe for thee; where bee thoſe *hungry* ſoules which thou haſt relieved; thoſe *thirſty* ones whom thou haſt refreſhed; thoſe

naked

naked ones whom thou haſt cloathed ; Thoſe *harbourleſſe* Pilgrims whom thou haſt harboured ; thoſe ſickly members whom thou haſt viſited ; thoſe comfortleſſe *Captives* whom thou haſt redeemed ; thoſe laſt *Obits* or *Offices* which thou to thy dead Brother ſhould'ſt have performed ? what *Advocate* then canſt thou find to plead for thee ? who is hee that will ſpeake a good word for thee to the King, that his wrath may be appeaſed towards thee ? oh none, none ; Thou art wholly left to thy ſelfe, and utterly loſt in thy ſelfe : and even in thine owne boſome ſhalt find that witneſſe to accuſe thy ſelfe : as nothing may remaine but the expectance of a terrible and irrevocable ſentence.

O God of mercy, deale not with mee according to the measure of my sinnes, for they are exceedingly multiplied: but according to thy great mercy put away my iniquities, that thy name may bee magnified. O Lord, thou who delightest in mercy, and wilt have mercy on those on whom thou wilt have mercy, make mee to delight in that wherein thou delightest, that in the day of wrath I may find mercy.

Chap. 45.

Blessed are the cleane in heart, for they shall see God.

CAn the *Leopard* lay away his spots, or the *Ethiopian* his blackness? As the Leper in the old Law was commanded to cry out, *I am uncleane, I am*

I am uncleane: So I, a foule ſinfull Leper, may cry out in the ſame manner, that men may ſhun me leſt they become infected by my behaviour. For as the ſoule is farre more precious then the body: ſo is the Leproſie of ſinne farre more dangerous then that of the skinne. The Swan, if at any time ſhee pride her ſelfe in her beauty, no ſooner lookes upon her *blaek feet*, then ſhe wailes her plumes. Miſerable Pilgrim! Looke at thy *blacke feet*, how they are ever walking in the wayes of ſinne; Looke at thy *blacke hands*, how they are ever with greedineſſe committing ſinne; Looke at thy black prophane *mouth*, how it is ever belching forth motives to ſinne; looke at thy blacke projecting *braine*, how it is ever plotting new wayes or

paſſages

paſſages for ſinne. Look at thy blacke deceitfull *heart*, how it is ever imagining how to ſtrengthen the arme of ſinne, Looke at thy black corrupted *Lever*, which proves thee a corrupt *Liver*, how it is infected with ſinne. Nay, looke at every part, and every where ſhalt thou find this ſpirituall Leproſie raging and raigning; ſpreading and ſtreaming into every veine, every joynt or artery? And yet what an *Idoll* thou makeſt of thy ſelfe? how ready thou art to juſtifie thy ſelfe? How farre from craving thy good Phyſicians helpe, as thou wilt rather dye then confeſſe thy want of health? Truth is, there is no ſinne of a more dangerous quality, then this ſpirituall Idolatry; for by it whatſoever is in value leaſt is honoured moſt: And againe, what-

whatſoever in honour moſt, is valued leaſt. Oh hadſt thou (unmindfull Pilgrim) looked ſo carefully to the cleanſing of thine *inward houſe*, as thou haſt done to the needleſſe trimming of thine *outward houſe*: hadſt thou beene as mindfull of cleanſing thine heart, as thou haſt beene of bruſhing thine habit: oh then theſe leprous ſpots which now appeare ſo foulely on thee, had never infected thee! Then had thy life beene a Lampe unto others; then had the affections of thine heart beene pure: yea, God himſelfe had prepared in thee a Tabernacle for himſelfe to dwell in; a Bed of flowers for him to repoſe in; a Temple for him to be prayſed in. See then what thou haſt loſt, by loſing that beauty which ſhould have delighted him moſt! The *ſight* of *God.* Woe

Woe is mee, what a losse is this? To be deprived, and of that eternally, in the fruition whereof consists all glory? The *sight* of *God!* Woe is me! that ever I was borne, to lose that for which I was borne; for which I was re-borne! The sight of God! The nourishment of every Angelicall soule; This have I lost by not clensing my heart: for the *cleane in heart shall* only *see God.*

O clense mee from my secret sinnes! O forgive me my strange sinnes! O let mee now returne to thee with my whole heart: and clense thou mine heart; that I may make godlinesse *my* gaine, *and with theese eyes see thee, my God of Sion.*

CHAP.

Chap. 46.

Bleſſed are the Peace-makers, for they ſhall be called the Children of God.

I Beſeech you, that neighbour near me, and whoſe teſtimony may much availe me; ſpeake for me; have I ſince I ſojourned amongſt you, laboured to compoſe *peace*, or to prevent occaſion of Suites? Have I performed any office that might tend to *peace?* Oh ſpeake for me; be it your charity to ſpeak for me: for unleſſe your charity doe it, ſure I am my endeavours have little deſerved it. O no; I ſee you cannot juſtly ſpeake one good word to the King for mee! For my converſation hath beene otherwiſe amongſt you. The ſpirit of con-

contention and contradiction raigned in me: and so farre divided was I from the bond of charity, as I delighted in nothing more then nurfing enmity. Injuries I would beare none: nay, rather then embrace *peace*, I would make injuries of none. Neighbourly arbitrations I neither affected nor admitted: it was my counsell ever that suits should bee commenced: Let the Law try it, though the cause were not worth a fee for which we contended. Nay, to feed this fire of debate with new fuell; I told such who repaired to me for advise (damnable advice to lead a deluded Client into the height of all vice) that to beare an injury, were to make every one their enemy. How hee who forgives him that wrongs him, encourageth him

to

to picke a new quarrell at him: while the remitting of one becomes the admitting of another: yea, where a wrong is threatned and not revenged, it emboldneth the Actor to see it executed. Thus lay I a snare privily to catch the simple and innocent doer; and by my mischievous counsell to make him of a Lover of peace a common Barreter. But evill Counsell is worst for the Counsellor; this I find too true to my discomfort. For now me thinks all those differences which I raised; all those quarrels which I started; present themselves before thee, threatning nothing less then perdition to me: for by the malicious instigation of Sathan, they buzze like Bees about me, and with strong hand bring mee forth, before the face of heaven and earth publikely to accuse

accuſe me. This is hee, ſay they, who would be called the *Child of God*; but how can hee have any intereſt in that title; how dares he preſume to derive any ſuch promiſe from *God*, who all his life time has beene a profeſt Enemy to the *peace* of God? Hee has laboured to encourage Neighbour againſt Neighbour; to bring all things into confuſion by his diſtemper; and may ſuch an one have any hope to aſpire to a title of ſuch honour? The world has beene long ſince weary of him; becauſe nothing but contention reliſhed well with him: and ſhall his ſpirit which diſquieted every place; and became an inſtrument of faction in every place, enjoy the comfort of *peace*? Or the reward of ſuch as embrace *peace*; or that ſuperlative title of thoſe *Peace-*

makers,

makers, to be called one of the *Children of God?* Thus may I, poore Pilgrim, be justly accused, and by what meanes may I be freed? How may I cleare these accusations, whereof I am not onely endited, but convicted.

Even by thy meditation, my deare Saviour; who brought peace *unto us, by suffering so many things for us. O be thou my* Peace-maker, *my sweet Redeemer! Let mee now at last, after my breach of* peace *with thee, and with those whom I ought to have showne my selfe* peaceable *to, for thee; let mee, I say, love* peace *and ensue it, that I may enjoy that Crowne of* peace, *after my dismission from this Campe of Earth, which thou before all times hast prepared for those who embraced* peace *upon Earth.*

And since none can bee called the Child *of* God, *unlesse hee bee a* Peace maker; *give me grace to love and live in* peace, *that I may receive that blessed title from thee, my only Saviour.*

CHAP. 47.

Blessed are they that suffer persecution for righteousnesse sake for theirs is the kingdome of heaven.

STraite is the Gate, and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that enter in at it: the reason is, because by *many tribulations* wee are to come unto it. The high way unto the *Crowne*, is by the *Crosse*. Christian devotion and spirituall discipline must bee workes of *paine*, not of the *pillow:*

pillow. But this is an hard taske for *flesh* and *blood*! It is true; but it will be an harder taske for flesh and blood to suffer those paines of Hell. Christs disciples could not watch with him one houre, till they grew heavy. Heavy, indeed, was that Lethargy, that would not suffer them to wake one houre in Christs company. Yet after all this, when they were divided from his bodily presence, they became so strengthned by his gracious assistance: as neither watchings nor wearinesse, scourgings, nor imprisonments; Tyrants threatnings, nor inexquisite torments could divide them from the love of their sweet Master, for whose honour they were ready to suffer any torture. This, and only this, it was, which moved so many glorious *Martyrs* to seale

their Christian constancy with their dearest blood; This it was, which enduced so many religious Virgins to overcome the weaknesse of their sexe: and with a vowed constancy, and constant chastity to sleight those assaults of savage cruelty; those threats of brutish hostility, which the enemies of Christ and of his Crosse belched forth against them. This caused those faithfull *Confessors* to stand in defence of the truth, and in the face of their *Persecutors* to maintaine whatsoever they had professed, and to confirme it with the losse of their lifes; rather then the light of the Gospel should by their inconstancy become darkened: or the least derogation to his glory who was the Author of it, should bee by their fainting or back-sliding occasioned.

These

Theſe found them Refuges in Caves and Holes of Rocks; and in theſe Recluſes were they comforted: for in theſe they devoutly meditated of thoſe *holes* of the *Spirituall Rocke*, Chriſt Ieſus, in whom amidſt all their *perſecutions* they found incomparable ſolace.

And now poore Pilgrim, with penitent *Peter* look upon thy relinquiſh'd Maſter! what haſt thou ſuffered for him, that thou maiſt lawfully challenge any part in him: or any priviledge by him? The *Kingdome of Heaven* thou haſt heard muſt be for thoſe that ſuffer: Thou ſhouldſt then either in *act* or *heart* be a Martyr. Wayes of ſoftneſſe and delicacy leade ſlowly to the Gate of glory. It is true, too true; Thou haſt not ſticked to ſuffer hunger, and thirſt, and nakedneſſe; nay, all

all those extremes which any worldling could suffer; but to what end were all these? were they not to enrich thy Coffers: or advance thee to immerited honours? Did these soure and heavy taskes bear in their forehead any semblance of goodnesse? Were they suffered for *righteousnesse* sake? No; no; but for selfe-love sake. For pray thee, didst thou ever heare Gods name reviled; the Gospel slandered; the Professors of it disgraced; and in the presence of an imperious but an impious wretch, stood in defence of it? Hast thou at any time out of the zeale thou bear'st to Gods honour, opposed the malicious fury of a powerfull Persecutor? Hast thou fled from Citie to Citie in defence of Gods quarrell: or with a pious resolution fought his battell?

Many

Many presidents, and those of great personages were recommended to thee; who bore themselves such noble Chiefetaines in this kind, as to promote his glory whom they loved, they hasted to death, as it had beene to a Banquet: Honours, friends, fortunes these relinquished, for their best friends sake, to whose sweet spousall love, they were solely affianced.

O my heavenly Spouse, lesse I cannot be then ashamed, to heare such constant Champions fighting; such faithfull Worke men labouring; and then consider with my selfe, how I have beene ever sporting and loitering. O thou who hast taught me how to fight, teach mee likewise to overcome: that suffering *for* righteousnesse sake, *or retaining in mee a desire of*

ſuffering, of a Champion on Earth, I may become a Citizen in the Kingdome of Heaven.

Chap. 48.

How ſeven Gueſts, under colour of lodging with him, ſought his undoing.

MAny inſtead of *Turtles*, have received *Snakes* into their boſomes. And ſuch was my unfortunate condition. For upon a time ſitting in my Summer Arbour, ſafe as I thought, from the encounter of any open enemy, or ſecret danger: even there, where my private repoſe promiſed mee no leſſe then a ſecure and untroubled reſt; ſuddenly there appeared before mee *Seven ſtrangers*

ſtrangers; who complayning how they had loſt their way, humbly beſought mee to beſtow upon them one nights lodging: and that with a gratefull acknowledgement of ſo free a courteſie, they would depart early from mee the next morning. I muſt confeſſe this their ſudden approach, did at firſt not a little amaze me, wondring much how theſe could find acceſſe unto me, ſeeing as I remembred, I had ſhut the doores of my Garden, that none might diſturbe mee. But even civility exacting an anſwer from mee; having firſt fully taken notice and ſurvey of them; I in this manner addreſſed my ſelfe unto them.

Gentlemen, (for you ſeeme no leſſe by your habits nor demeanures) thoughmy privacy has ſeldome knowne the con-

dition of hoſpitality; yet being ſtrangers, as you profeſſe your ſelves to be, I ſhould hold it an act of great incivility not to entertaine you. One night ſhall not breake ſquare amongſt us: I ſhall accommodate you with lodgings, though it may be not according to your ranks or qualities, for I am a ſtranger to you, yet in ſuch manner as I have good hope one nights ſtay will not tyre you.

With which Anſwer being well pleaſed, I left mine Arbour, and tooke them in with mee; preparing ſuch things for them as might refreſh them, for they ſeemed weary.

Deſiring then much to heare what newes thoſe Countries afforded, wherein theſe Strangers ſeemed very lately to have reſided: and withall longing much to be acquainted with

their

their ſeverall Dialects, as likewiſe to dive into their diſpoſitions, which I muſt ingenuouſly confeſſe, appeared to mee ſo different; that though they pretended to be of one Nation, yet both their Language, quality, and habit ſeemed much to evince them, I tooke occaſion to call them aſide, purpoſely to converſe with them ſeverally; little doubting how theſe ſtrangers came, rather to undermine mee, then lodge with mee, as you ſhall hereafter underſtand more fully.

CHAP. 49.

Pride.

THe very firſt with whom I took occaſion to diſcourſe, appeared to me at the firſt ſight a very

a very compleate Gallant; and of a proper winning perſonage: neat was his dreſſe; perfumed and curiouſly diſhevelled his haire; with a long amorous lock hanging downe his ſhoulder; the twirling whereof mee thought gave an infinite grace to his diſcourſe. I made bold to aske of him, where hee was borne, and in what parts hee had moſt remained. For his *birth* hee told me the very *Angels* would informe me: for howſoever ſome might imagine that in regard of his familiar diſcourſe and converſe with men, hee had received his birth and parentage from them: yet hee came from an higher ſtock: and that it was impoſſible for him to remember his deſcent without reſerving of an *Angelicke* ſtate. This I muſt confeſſe made me hold him in more

more reverence then all the reſt of my Gueſts: for his curioſity in diet, lodgi g, and whatſoever might accommodate him did ſo properly become him, as his fellow Travellers ſeemed but home-ſpunne Countrey Swaines unto him. And to anſwer mee in whatſoever I demanded of him, touching the *place* of his aboad; hee told mee that upon his firſt comming into this lower world, hee planted firſt neare that glorious City *Babylon*; where by his inſtructions hee made the common people there ſuch proficients, as leaving their former rudeneſſe, they betooke themſelves to ſuch niceneſſe and neatneſſe, as they would rather neglect their trade, then not obſerve the *faſhion* of the time. But to have ſeene what a princely port the better ſort reteined,

retained, would have mov'd the paſſengers greedy eye ſooner to admire it, then unſeene to believe it. But to remaine in one place ſtill, were it never of ſo beauteous a ſite, or pretious in magnificence of ſtate, was the leaſt of his thought: for he told me, that his *Commiſſion* was more *Generall*: being enjoyned by his *Superiour* to put in practiſe ſuch directions in every City, Burrow, Corporation, or Village, as might win the hearts of all ſuch inhabitants unto his *Prince*: and by that meanes inlarge his kingdome. Wherewith drawing forth a long ſcroule, he ſhewed unto mee a Briefe of all ſuch directions as were preſcribed him: with a relation of ſuch places and perſons by whom hee was beſt entertained. What Countries he had brought in

and

and gained: how farre his Maſter Seignory was enlarged, with divers other particular remonſtrances; the diſcovery wherof ſo much delighted me, as I deſired nothing more then with more freedome to enjoy his company: reſolving to importune his ſtay ſome longer time with me: and to my requeſt hee inclined readily. Albeit hee told mee, that during his ſojourne with mee, hee might ſometimes of neceſſity crave my pardon to reſort to divers of his *Maſters* eſpeciall Cuſtomers, as Painters, Perfumers, Periwig-makers, with other commodious Ingles for the Tyre-houſe of ſinne; to the end they might keepe their hands in ure, and their braines aworke, to ſhape a Coat for the Moone, and bring the world into a new faſhion. And to the end

end hee might doe mee a courteſie for my late hoſpitality; he ſo ſtrangely madded mee with the thought of bravery, as I became wholly his, cheerfully embracing whatſoever hee commanded mee: for within ſhort time I became ſuch a Vaſſall to him, as I thought any ſervice well beſtow'd that I could doe unto him.

O my Redeemer, was this to ſerve under thy Banner? What is there that thou delighteſt more in then humility; and was it my duty to entertaine pride *with ſuch hoſpitality? No, Lord, no. Thou became humbled, that I might bee exalted; and ſhall I exalt my ſelfe, to leave thee diſhonoured? O my Redeemer, expell from mee the* Spirit *of* pride, *and propitiouſly grant unto mee the* treaſure *of true* humility. *O give mee a full*

full ſight of my infirmities, that in the ſight and ſhame of them I may conclude, Why art thou proud, O duſt and aſhes? *O, as in this ſain all other vertues, as I am thine by creation, and condition, ſo may I be thine in affection and imitation.*

CHAP. 50.

Covetouſneſſe.

HAving now growne into ſuch familiarity with this neat Gueſt, whom in regard of his choice diſcourſe and ſpruce dreſſe I preferred before all the reſt; nothing delighted mee more freely then the enjoyment of his Company: yet deſiring to enter into conference with thoſe that conſorted with him: The very next day, I tooke

I tooke occaſion to talke with another of my Gueſts : one, who as I formerly obſerved, was ſo unlike the former in his condition, as hee ſeemed not to bee one of the ſame Countrey or Nation. For asking of him the place of his Birth and Countrey, hee anſwer'd mee bluntly, that for his birth, hee grew forth of *Achans* wedge: and for his Countrey, as he was a *Tyrian*: but having now left that depopulated Citie, every place was now his Countrey. For his apparell, it was ſo careleſly put on, as it either hee were weary of it, or it of him. I imagin'd him at the firſt ſight to be *Male-content* : for with foulded armes and dejected eyes, poring ſtill upon the ground ; hee appeared as one who had rather be buried in it, then live above it. So as comming

ming to him, and desiring to know the ground of his discontent: in an heavy and sullen manner hee answer'd me, *Because hee could not bee content.* Not content, said I! why what would you have? whatsoever, said hee, others have. Then replyed I, you would others to have nothing. That were nothing to me, said hee, so I might have all things. This at first seemed to mee a strange humour: yet within short time by his advice I begunne to labour of the same distemper. I held it a brave thing to bee rich, for I understood how wealth had so taken up the opinion of the world, that a rich man, lived he ne're so wretchlesly, yet after his death, it would be said of him: *Hee dyed a good man!* I considered too, how by this meanes one might

might be provided of rendring a curteſie to his friend, and taking revenge upon his foe. Yet for the former of theſe, my ſage Gueſt told me, that the way to thrive was not to be giving, but receiving: and to account him the beſt friend, who was apteſt to forget what hee had given, or in expecting what hee ſhould receive.

And now by meanes of thoſe worldly Lectures, which hee had by my direction ſo gravely, and effectually read unto mee, I became ſuch a Proficient in *Mammons* Schoole, as thoſe who long time had beene nurſed and nuſled in it, could not come neare mee in the Practick part of a Worldling. Though I knew nothing more pretious then time, yet made I ſmall account of the ſale of time for the gaine of gold, I begun to diſpence

diſpence with my nights reſt: and to weaken nature, by abridging her reliefe; chuſing rather to ſtarve then impoveriſh my ſtate. What others of my Meniey enjoyed, I, though the Maſter of the Family, wanted. Nothing might eate while I ſlept: meane time, while I ſlept, I gave way to *ſtrangers* to *eate* up my *ſtrength*. Thus came my cares to be increaſed, while my fortunes multiplied. Yet what comfort found I in theſe? The richer I grew in ſtate, the poorer I grew in content. Though I outwardly ſurfeted, I became inwardly ſtarved. Thirſty were my deſires; ever labouring of moſt emptineſs, when in reaſon they might have bin fulleſt. And yet how I hugged mine owne affliction! Every day I underſtood how I was neerer and neerer

to

to my dissolution: and yet still farther and farther from content: I had heard likewise, how riches would not deliver mee in the day of wrath: yet did I treasure up vengeance against the day of Wrath. I considered how *bitter death* would be unto that man that put his *trust* in his *substance*: And yet noo sooner came mine *old Guest* unto mee, then his worldly Rhetoricke prevailed with me, driving all other divine considerations quite out of my memory.

Deare Lord, give mee grace to leave the love of the world, before I leave the world; to leave my fancying of it, before I depart from it: that in a pious contempt of it, I may learne this Lesson of that elect vessell; I have learned in all things to be con-

contented. *So shall my hope bee in thee planted; my heart on thee fixed; and my horne by thee filled.*

CHAP. 51.

Lechery.

BY this time I had received sufficient instructions from two of my Guests; how to thrive in the world: as likewise how to reserve a port or proud posture in the world. And howsoever *Pride* and *Covetousnesse* seemed to bee of different conditions: and of such dis-consorting humours, as these two never tooke liking to any *Musicke*, but what was full of *discord*: yet me thought they agreed well enough together under my roofe: yea, I I bestow'd them in the very next

next lodging to mee, that I might enjoy the benefit of their Company more freely.

But having now broke off my discourse with that Guest of mine; a man wholly made of earth; and looking aside, I might perceive a fresh youthfull Consort entring the room, where wee conversed. By his habit, gate and fashion, I could scarcely distinguish him, whether hee were man or woman. So strangely effeminate, and to light discourses so affected, as hee breathed nothing but amorous Songs and Sonnets; loose love was the line by which hee directed the whole course of his life. His bosome was farced full of amorous Knights adventures: His morning Lectures were *Boccace* and *Alcæus*: His evening Anthems were *Arioſto* and *Reginus*. For his

his person, he was of a promising constitution, but of pale complexion: a quick piercing eye; a nimble perswasive tongue: and of such a wooing winning action, as no expression came from him which would not enforce affection. I must confesse, I no sooner saw him, then I found a glowing heat within mee towards him: yea, I begunne mee thought, to conceive better of him, then either of the two with whom I had before conversed; so full of delightfull variety was his discourse; so melodious his voyce; so affectionately moving and compleate in every part. I desired much to know his descent and Countrey: and hee resolved mee readily; that his first plantation was neere to the banks of that famous River *Sybaris*: where he erected

a Schoole for love: afterwards richly endowed by such eminent proficients as had beene Schollers in it: but desiring much to see forraine Countries, not onely to improve his own knowledge, but observe her commands to whose service he stood obliged; Hee coasted along by *Paphos*, where his Mother, the Soveraigneſſe of every loyall Lover, then kept Court: And from thence with merry gale hee came to *Cyprus*: and some few moneths after to renowned *Latium*. Where hee found such entertainment, as neither care nor cost were awanting to procure his liking. I importun'd him much to heare some of those Lessons which he had formerly taught: and wherein I desired much to become his Scholler: but small importunity needed, seeing his owne

owne desires were thereto directed: so as, taking me apart from the rest of the Company, hee imparted to mee such directions, as nothing became more pleasing to me then the embraces of folly. Wanton Pictures, light amorous Poems; loose licentious meetings; lusticious Feastings seazed so strongly on my deluded fancy; as *love* became both my *Ditty* and *Deity*. For hee advised me to walke by the twi-light; and and to engage mine honour to an Harlot. Thus was I drawn by the cords of vanity; made a slave to sinne; an enemy to my owne soule; and in the end a by-word to the people.

O my beloved what may I answer in defence of my lost honour; woe is mee miserable wretch to lose that without all hope of re-

covery, which I should have preserved perpetually! O incomparable and inconsolable losse, to loose that which is not onely the losse of all goodnesse, but the purchase of all torments! O thou pretious treasure of a continent soule, how unhappily am I robbed of thee? O my soule, my beloved, how art thou now to bee loathed! O my soule, no more my solace, but my anguish! O my deare, how art thou now becoms my despaire! whether art thou false? how hast thou left me; nay how hast thou reft mee of those comforts which I expected from thee? To what a sinke of all filth, and pollution, hast thou, O lust of my flesh drawne mee? How may I hope for pardon, in playing so impudently the wanton? Even by thy mediation, my sweet Saviour; O offer up my poore petition unto thy Father, that I may become

come thy devout Saint and Servant, who was sometimes a servant to sinne in every member.

CHAP. 52.

Envy.

HAving thus freely enjoyed the conference of these three Guests; in whose familiarity I took much content. For as the *first* and *third* had recommended to mee *Rules* of *State*, and *motives* to *pleasure*; so had the *Second* taught mee a thriving way how to cram my Coffers, that I might more fully maintaine the port both of th' one and th' other; holding my selfe satisfied in these; I resolved to enter into treaty with the rest: so as walking one day very early, I chanced

to meet with one, but the unbeſeeming'ſt one of all my Gueſts, for his complexion ſeem'd ſo withered and decayed: his body ſo meagre and macilent; as he appeared rather like ſome *Anatomy* then any living Creature. This poor marrow-eaten Wretch I found ſighing and making a pittifull mone, as if ſome heavy miſ-chance had befalne him: but inquiring the reaſon of his ſorrowing, he told mee that the occaſion of his griefe proceeded not from any miſhappe falling to himſelfe; but for the happineſſe he perceived many others lived in. For to ſee anothers field flouriſh; or his goods to increaſe and proſper; was ſuch an eye-ſore unto him, as nothing could more diſtemper him. This I conceived to be a baſe condition,

and

and ſuch as to humanity had very ſmall relation. So as, I reſolved to quit my houſe of him; and give him his Paſſport: finding nothing in him but an harſh unſociable humour; rejoycing in nothing more then the ruine of another, yet deſiring to ſift him a little further, and to the bottom, to make tryall of his nature; I took firſt occaſion to demand of him of what Parents hee deſcended; and in what Coaſt he firſt planted? and he told mee, that *Iewry* was his native Countrey; and his *Parents Iewes*; with whom he long time remained neare to the Lake *Aſphaltos*. I asked of him what content he could take in the World, when nothing but the evill ſucceſſe of others preſented him any object of joy in the world? And he anſwer'd

mee, if I knew what strange content the *Envious* man apprehended from others misfortunes, I would preferre that humour before any personall honour: for, said hee, whosoever stands so affected, hee cannot want variety of Subjects to minister to him that content which he desired. I must, indeed, confesse, quoth he, that I am of necessity now & then to encounter with some arguments of discontent; as I did this very Morning in seeing your Neighbours Pastures so fruitfull; their harvest so hopefull: but for one of these Objects, I shall find an hundred occasions of content. No place is exempted from mee: no person excepted from playing one part or other in this enterlude of folly. O how it joyes mee to see a proud ambitious spirit entring

entring lists with his Competitor: where the one must necessarily fall to advance the other? Honour was their bait, and it proves their baine. Againe, to see a Love-sick amorous Foole put his whole patrimony on his back, to enamour his light Mistresse with a phantastick Dresse: and in the end come home with a repulse: and so like a Child put finger ith' Eye: or laying it to heart, make the losse of her fancy, the Cloze of his misery. Againe, to see a miserable covetous Father scraping up an injurious estate for a Prodigall Child; who before his Fathers Funerall bee solemnized, takes as much paines how to scatter it, as ever his raking Father did to gather it. Or to see a base worlding spend himselfe in sighs and teares for the losse of

his beast; making himselfe no better by his foolish mourning then that poor senseleſſe Creature for which he mourned. To see wisemen lament for the death of their Children; as if death were some new thing: or that there were no hope after Death. To see a confident Client faile in his Suite; or an Earth-worme stript of his estate. And is not this brave sport for an *envious* spirit.

This I considered, and methought I begun to bee taken with the pleasure of it. The report of others well-fare became distastfull to mee; their mis-fortunes cheerefull newes unto me. Others Weale became my Wo, others Wo my Weale.

O my redeemer, thou who art perfect charity, remove from mee the rust *of* envy. *Too long ha's this*

this canker eaten mee. O let mee neither do nor wish that unto another, which I would not have done nor wished to my selfe. O make mee such an enemy to this Sinne, as I may live in love; yea rather cease to live, then surcease to love thee for thy selfe, my Neighbour for thy sake.

CHAP. 53.

Gluttony.

NO sooner had I dismist this starveling; then I encountred another cleare of another temper: plumpe he was and well-liking; one who cared not much what *arrow* of Gods judgment were shot, so *famine* were left out. He told mee, he had beene a professor of Philosophy in the Epicures Academy.

Academy. How he was by nation a *Sidonian*, and descended from the *Vitellian* family. Albeit, in the manner of his discourse, he discovered no great arguments of a Scholler; being of a dull and clodded fancy: and of apprehension slow and heavy. His providence meerly consisted in purveyance for the belly. Wherein hee observed such delicacie; as hee scorned much to sit at that Table which was not stored with all Variety. I told him Strangers were not to be so curious; but rather contented with whatsoever was for the present provided. Wherewith seeming a little moved; Sir, said he, I am neither so wanting in friends nor fortunes, as I need rely upon reversions. I have thus long lived and fed deliciously, making my Bellie my Deitie. And

if

if you knew what delight there were in a luſcious Tooth, and what pleaſure in full Diſhes; what ſtrength they afford to nature: and how they infuſe into the Bloud a freſh reviving vigour, I am perſwaded you would preferre this delight before any other pleaſure.

Sir, anſwer'd I, take me not up ſo ſhortly; I was never yet knowne ſuch a niggard; as for ſparing a little traſh to ſtarve my Belly. Others through their miſery may ſtand indebted to it, but for my part I will rather chooſe to abridge mine *Inventorie*, then be ſo taxed by it.

But by your favour I muſt tell you what I have heard; that *Surfets* kill more then the *Sword*. How he who makes a God of his Belly, ſurfets in the delight of ſuch a

daintie

daintie Deitie. And I have ſometimes read *Leſſius* his practiſe in Phyſick. How, when Nature grew ſo weake in him, as there was no hope of recovering him; and that his Phyſicians had left him: yet by preſcribing himſelfe a ſtrict Diet, and by duely obſerving what he had preſcribed; he even in his declining age became youthfull; in his recreations freſh and cheerfull: and even to his death ſtrong and healthfull.

And yet he for all this died (ſaid my delicious Gueſt) and tell me then what did his rules of Phyſick, availe him? Go to, Sir, he that lives Phyſically, lives miſerably; let us cramme and feed our ſelves fat while wee live; ſatisfy our deſires in what weelove. So long as wee live in the World, let us enjoy with

with all freedom, the pleaſures of the World. Abſtinence ſuites better with an hermitage then a Pallace.

Take ſo much paines one day as goe into a Monaſterie; and what will you find there, but, as *Climacus* obſerveth, *Breathing Coarſes*? their ſpirits waſted; their radicall moiſture with their Lampe-oyle conſumed; nothing left to preſent the reſemblance of men, ſave only bare Sceletons, or fleſhleſſe Images of men; and theſe ſo uſeleſſe for Earth, as their ſole devotions and deſignes are for Heaven. But leaving theſe, if you pleaſe but to take a turne or two in our Epicureall Cloiſters: you ſhall find Creatures of a freſh and flouriſhing vigour; of a ſtrong and ſinnowy temper: and ſuch as promiſe a numerous ſupply to people

people the world; defend the State: and reſtore nature.

This diſcourſe came with ſuch confidence from him, as I had no mind to interrupt him. Yea, his advice wrought ſuch impreſſion on mee, as I begun to loath nothing more then temperance, and to love nothing better then *delicacy*. Thus begun I to looſe the hopes of a better life, for enjoying the delights of this preſent life. O where was my reaſon to ſuffer my ſelfe to be deprived of joy eternally, for the pleaſures of ſinne ſo fraile, deceitfull and tranſitory.

O my deare Lord, let mee now at laſt looke towards Canaan, *and leave theſe fleſh pots of* Egypt. *O ſuffer not my heart to be loaden with ſurfeting and drunkenneſſe: but arme mee with moderation and tem-*

temperance. I know well Lord, how thou for my sake were't afflicted with poverty; and shall I in contempt of thee be affected to delicacy? Nay, Lord; I will chuse rather to perish with hunger, then by my excesse occasion thy dishonour. O be it my desire devoutly to serve thee by subduing of the flesh; that I may raigne with thee by suffering no sinne to raigne in my flesh.

Chap. 54.

Wrath.

THe very next I took occasion to talke withall, was the most braving and imperious Guest that ever any one gave harbour to. For during those few dayes wherein hee had sojourned with mee, he begunne to

to keepe ſuch a quarter, as if the whole houſe had beene at his command. Not a ſervant but ſhak't and ſhudder'd whenſoever hee came in preſence. So teechie and froward was his humour, that all things ſeemed in his judgement out of order. Thus did my whole family ſuffer through his fury. So as indeed, I had a great deſire to quit my houſe of him: for daily did mine eares glow with complaints againſt him. No ſervant would ſtay with mee ſo long as hee remained with mee. All things grew out of joynt; all things out of ſquare. And now having reſolved to put in ſpeedy execution what I had intended; I tooke the opportunity to acquaint him with my mind. But when I had told him, how my whole family grew weary of him:

him: and that I might of neceſſity keepe my houſe alone, if I rid not my doores of him: Hee fell into ſuch a furious paſſion, as I feared much he would have offered ſome violence to mee: but as good fortune was, his fury reſolv'd it ſelfe into words: which were delivered in that braving and domineering manner; as mee thought I begunne to take affection to that humour. For he told me, and that in ſuch a ſcornefull way, as not a word came from him but it breathed contempt, or threatned a miſchiefe, that if I thought hee was beholden to me for my entertainment, I was much deceived: for he held my entertainment ſo unworthy of him, as I might hold my ſelfe ſufficiently contented that hee would accept of it. But Sir, ſaid hee I muſt tell you,

I can-

I cannot chuſe but ſmile at your folly; to ſee you thus over-aw'd and baffall'd by your own family. Your indiſcreet patience, if you quicken not your temper, will ere it bee long, make you a Servant of a Maſter: and by their malepertneſſe bring your command into a bondage.

Your Neighbours too, they obſerve the quietneſſe of your diſpoſition; and they play upon your eaſineſſe. For ſhame, be of ſharper mettall. Make your Servants tremble when they heare you: and enforce that commanding awe to your inferiours, that as if they heard thunder, they may *bleſſe themſelves*, when they come neare you. Impunity opens a paſſage to all impiety; if any commended or committed to your charge ſhall but lightly offend; yet

yet you muſt not be too indulgent in rendring a pardon. I hold it farre better, and for your ſtate or condition fitter, never to debate the cauſe with mildneſſe, for that taſteth of too much ſoftneſſe, but to *ſtrike* before you *ſpeake*; to ſeaſon your reproofe with correction, which will beget in you a reverence, and in them more ſubjection. This that Roman *Vedius* could doe bravely; and in ſuch an imperious ſort exerciſe his Soveraignty: as his very becke was a word of command to all his family. And this while I was in *Thebes* (for I am a Theban borne) did I conſtantly practiſe; and that not onely over ſuch as I might command: but over ſuch too, whoſe ſpirits I found ſo ready to vaile to one of my quality; as I made them no leſſe ſubject

to

to my uncontrouled will, then if they had beene of my owne family. For during my reside in that famous City, none but I raiſed that fearefull fraternall emnity betwixt *Eteocles* and *Polynices*: which unnaturall conteſt (ſo ſtrongly had my fury wrought upon their ſpirits) could receive no end, but in one anothers blood. Neither was it my humour to be confined: for I had dreamed a little before my departure thence, how with unfortunate *Hecuba*, I was conceived with a *firebrand*, and that it could not bee quenched but in the blood of many nations. Neither did that ominous Dreame of mine prove falſe: for though with *Caſſandra's* propheſie, it would not be believed, the fatall diſaſters of many flouriſhing Eſtates have before this time con-

confirm'd it. For to omit the ſubverſion of many ancient Empires; whoſe memory now ſleepes in duſt, I appeale even to your ſelfe, by whoſe meanes thoſe ruines were occaſioned, and that lately amongſt our *Free States?* By whoſe agency thoſe fearefull and fatall diviſions ſprung up in *Calidore:* where *Religion* made the *pretence*, but *innovation* of *government* plotted the *ground.* And who became the manager of thoſe diſloyall attempts but my ſelfe? If then your deſire bee, to be one of note or fame in the world; obſerve my directions, admit of no reconciled foe into the liſt of your diſcourſe. And if at any time you have received an injury, be it publike or private: if hee be your *inferiour*, or ſubject to your power, ſqueaze him: nippe him I

ſay

say, so ith'head, as you may prevent him of all future hope of rising: but if he be your Superiour, and you not able to vye with him in power, over-vye him in policy; faune on him; yet still carry a stone in your bosome; watch some opportunity wherein you may surprize him: but bee sure when you once have him in your clawes, to cruth him. What matter makes it, though the jeering *Lyricke* call anger a *short madnesse*; hee is in my opinion most mad, that is least angry: for a mild Master corrupts a family. Now, I would have you to skrue your passion to an higher pin. Anger is of too short continuance, it is not for your honour: give harbour then to *wrath*, for that is an *inveterate anger*. This will make you so terrible to your foes; as

you ſhall eaſily worke your owne ends, by thriving there beſt, where you are feared moſt.

This Diſcourſe, though at firſt it diſtaſted mee; for how could it ſound well in the eare of reaſon, to heare one breake forth into the immerited praiſe of an immoderate paſſion? yet the conceit of revenge wrought ſo ſtrongly on my affection, that howſoever I oppoſed the *premiſſes*, I approved well of his *Concluſion*.

O Lord terrible and juſt, what would become of me, if thou ſhouldſt have my ſinnes in thy remembrance, or ſhouldſt puniſh mee in thy wrathfull diſpleaſure? and yet beare I a malicious heart to my Brother. Hee many times with many teares has beſought my pardon: yet would not all

these worke in mee any remorse or compassion. O looke downe upon mee with the eye of thy mercy; remove from mee the spirit of fury; and arme mee with the shield of patience and lenity. I know, Lord, thou hast commanded vs not to suffer the Sunne *to goe downe upon our* wrath; *and yet many Sunnes, nay many seasons have gone downe on my wrath. I slept securely, while* wrath *encompassed my bed: and* revenge *lay a pillow for my head. O thou mild Lambe, imprint the memory of thy example in the Tablet of mine heart; make mee to love mine enemy; and with a wise Virgin Lampe fed with the oyle of charity, follow thee my sweet Sponse unto the heavenly Citie.*

CHAP.

Chap. 55.

Sloath.

BVt amongſt all others, who had liberally partak't of my bounty; there was one, who ſo little deſerv'd it, that in a careleſſe ſecurity, as one reſpectleſſe of any courteſie, hee would all the day long take his reſt; and ſcarcely riſe without much adoe to take his neceſſary repaſt. And one day I chanc'd to find him, when all his Companions were addreſſing themſelves to one exerciſe or another, turning or rather rowling himſelfe in his bed, like a doore upon the hinges. So as, I begun to take him under hand, and to reprove him; bidding to ſhake off *Sloath* for ſhame, and prepare himſelfe

for ſome taske: leſt in time he might incurre *Margites* cenſure, who, becauſe hee neither digged, plowed, nor did any good thing all his time, was not onely barred all civile ſociety living; but was not admitted to have his aſhes depoſited in the Vrne of his Anceſtors, dying. I deſired to know further of him what content hee could take in groveling after that manner in his bed of ſecurity, while every creature according to his ranke or quality, diſcovered ſome token of their induſtry. And in a ſluggiſh manner hee told mee; how there was none, but at one time or other hee might thrive, provided that hee kept his ſhop; Now, what did any one know but that it was his *Calling* to make his ſhop his bed: Neither was hee (as hee impudently

ly pretented) unimployed ; when hee ſeemed for reſt moſt addicted. For that very morning, and no longer ſince, hee told mee that hee kept his bed, not ſo much for his owne eaſe, as for compoſing a maine difference which two noble Ladies had referred to him. For there had lately appeared to him two brave women attired in princely habit, who contended much for ſuperiority : and the names of theſe two Ladies were *Euphuia* and *Argia*. Now theſe, after ſuch time as they had appeared before him, diſcovered both their *Deſcents* and *Callings*. For *Euphuia*, as ſhe proved her ſelfe deſcended from an *induſtrious* family ; ſo ſhee ſhewed her ſelfe a true daughter, for ſhee was wonderfully given to *induſtry*. Whereas *Argia* was clear of another humor:

for nothing ſuited better with her diſpoſition, then to doe nothing. Theſe two, accordingly as they ſtood ſeverally affected, brake forth into commendations of what their natures ſtood moſt inclined to. *Euphnia* affirmed that nothing improved any ones private eſtate or countrey more then *Induſtry*. The other, with no leſſe confidence ſpake all ſhe could in praiſe of privacy, and a ſleepy kind of ſecurity; ſaying, how that was well got, that was got in a warme bed: and that *Timandra* purchas'd as much pleaſure in the embrace of her friend, as ever *Thaleſtris* did in the diſcomfiture of her Foe. The other, to advance the honour of Armes with all other honeſt manuall employments, with much moderation reproved her frowardneſſe; telling her

her, that ſhee did but all this to ſhew her wit: for elſe ſhee would ſpend no breath in commending *Sloath*, which was the death of a living ſoule. But ſaid he, ſo ſtrangely did theſe two cloze in the knitting up of their arguments, as with mutuall conſent, the difference was referred to me. Now, I am here conſulting with my pillow, to whether of theſe two I ſhould give the prehemminence. Nor, doe I intend to riſe, till I have compoſed the difference. Thus did my lazie Gueſt play the eaſie Arbitrator, deſiring rather a nappe in a corner, then diſcharge the part of a Moderator: So as, I might eaſily conjecture, to what ſide hee inclined moſt, by his averſeneſſe from labour. And, indeed, I muſt freely confeſſe, I begunne not altogether to

diſlike his humour. For when hee had more fully acquainted mee with the quality of his condition: how and in what manner hee had ever lived; how hee had ſhunned all publike employments: deſiring rather a *Writ* of *eaſe*, then to diſ-eaſe his owne quiet for anothers good. Againe, what a madneſſe it was, to toyle or turmoile ones ſelfe in the world; to have a *ſickle* in anothers *corne*; or to have an *oare* in every ones *boat*? To be accounted a wiſe and ſubtile Commiſſioner; and ſo ſpend his ſpirits about a fruitleſſe or thankeleſſe labour? To play the carking Husband, in gathering for a progeny of hopeleſſe Rake-hels? To afflict himſelfe in the hoording up of that; which is got with paine and toyle, kept with care, and feare,

and

and loſt with pangs and griefe? No, no; ſaid hee, let the world wagge, ſo I may enjoy my reſt; draw my Curtaines cloſe; take my morning nappe; let the Husbandman meet with a Snake in the way; Let the thirſty worldling play the Mole, digge and delve; I ſhall rather pitty his folly, then envy his happineſſe.

This humour, the more I obſerved it, the more I affected it. So as I begunne to imitate my Gueſt, and to ſing the Sluggards Lullabe, with *yet a little*, and *then a little*. And though poverty came ſo upon mee, yet the enjoyment of a little Summer made me forgetfull of an enſuing Winter. An hundred excuſes would I mould, purpoſely to ſleepe ſecurely: and free my ſelfe of all buſines, though it did never

ſo nearely concerne mee. Either there was an *Adder* in the way; or the weather was unſeaſonable; or ſome indiſpoſition to health, injoyned me to keepe my bed. Thus did my delicacy bring mee to ſecurity; which howſoever I flatter'd my ſelfe, was ſo farre divided from me: as in the end I found my perplexed eſtate ever to danger moſt ingaged, where weakneſſe of opinion dreamed to mee, that I was moſt ſecured.

O my Lord, thou who art that heavenly Husbandman, *that deſireſt nothing more then* Labourers *in thine* Harveſt; *and art ready to pay every* Workeman *his* penny, *though hee have but laboured one houre in thy* Vineyard. *Thou, who canſt not abide that any one ſhould* looke backe

backe *from the* Plough, *or doe thy worke* negligently; *Convert my sleepy and sluggish humour into a spirituall fervour. My too long security into a carefull practise of piety. That though my* outward man, *be but* slime, *my* inward man *may be a profest enemy to* loath. *O grant mee so to bestow the remainder of my time in faithfull labouring; that though I have not felt the* heat *of the* day; *nay, though I have scarcely laboured one houre in thy* Vineyard, *I may now receive my* penny *in the* Evening.

CHAP.

Chap. 56.

How by their treacherous assault, his Cinque ports, *became endangered.*

THus, thus became I poore Pilgrim assaulted; thus became I foiled. But why doe I inveigh against their treachery, I became to my selfe the most treacherous Enemy? For by yeelding my *Fort* to the spirit of *Pride*, my *Luciferian* glory grew darkned. By entertaining *Covetousnesse* my former content vanished. By cherishing *Luxury*, both mine inward and outward faculties were disabled. By feeding *Envy*, it became a feeder of mee, and so my spirits became wasted. By cockering *Gluttony*, my spirituall infirmities were strengthned

ned. By harbouring *Wrath*, charity the choiceſt comfort of Chriſtian ſociety was baniſhed. By foſtering *Sloath*, out of my *great Maſters* check-roule, became my name to be razed. Neither were theſe unthankfull Gueſts ſo contented; for by their treacherous attempts, became my *Cinque ports* endangered. So as, thoſe darlings of mine which had they been loyally affected, ſhould have beene my aſſiſtants, proved to be my private Aſſacinates. Not one of them but they failed in performing thoſe due offices to which they were deputed. My *eye*, indeed, knew how to look, but by wandring it corrupted my underſtanding with the thought of luſt. My *eare* knew how to heare, but by hearing amiſſe it diſtracted the intention of mine heart. My *noſtrils* knew

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knew how to ſmell, but by rejecting thoſe flowers of divine ſweetneſſe, I begunne to ſnuffe up the wind with the *wild Aſſe* in the wilderneſſe. My *touch* knew how to performe her office, but by touching uncleane things, or by uſing cleane things uncleanely, that ſenſe became ſlaved to all ſenſuality. My mouth became an open Sepulcher; mine *Heart* ſinnes Harbour. Thus fares it with the State ſpirituall, as it doth with the Politicall; if the *Cinque Ports* bee opened, the State becomes endangered; leſſe ſecured, becauſe to Invaſion more expoſed. What then could this poore razed Fort of my ſurprized ſoule expect but utter ruine, miſery and deſolation? Foes wrought on mee without: and feares ſeazed on mee within. I had none left

to

to comfort mee: for my beſt comfort I had deſervingly eſtranged from mee; For had I not with *Demas* left God for the world, I might have had God for my Friend, and conſequently all the creatures of the world. For to leave God, is to make every creature his foe, which ever God made.

O, was it not enough for thee to have others to betray thee, but thou muſt adde new ſtrength to their force, by betraying thy ſelfe unto thine Enemy? Hadſt thou taſted ſo freely of that ever ſtreaming fountaine of Gods mercy; and was it thy duty to recompence his bounty with thy diſloyaltie? This had beene great inhumaniry even to have ſhewne to the moſt low and deſpicable creature: and couldſt thou find in thine heart, to

offer

offer this abuſe unto thy Maker? O woe is mee, that I ſhould receive all good things from the Lord, and requite him with nothing but evill! O that I had ponder'd theſe things well in mine heart: ſo might I in the day of my trouble have found helpe: and received comfort in the day of wrath.

O my deare Lord, juſtly may I complaine, and in the bitterneſſe of my ſoule, cry out: Sinners *have* built *upon me: nay, they have made* deepe furrowes *upon my* backe. *And there is no health in mee becauſe of thine heavy diſpleaſure. O, though I bee a Sinner, bee not unmindfull of thy poore creature. Receive mee, O receive mee into the armes of thy mercy; while I confeſſe unto thee, who knoweſt the ſecrets of all thoughts, my iniquity? There is*

not

not one ſenſe *that thou haſt given mee, but I will declare unto thee how it has diſhonour'd thee. O thou Balme of* Gilead, *heale my wounds, for they are many!*

Chap. 57.

Sight.

I Ooke on mee, and pitty mee, when you ſhall heare how this *ſenſe* has deluded me! And take warning by my Example, that yee ſuffer not your *Dinahs* to wander, leſt they loſe their honour. This *ſenſe* which ſhould direct mee, did firſt intrap mee: for I no ſooner *beheld*, then I was held captive by that which I beheld. Neither was I altogether ſenſeleſſe of theſe things: for I underſtood how *Death* enter'd in by

by the *windowes*. And yet I would not ſhut them, but ſuffer'd my mortall enemies to enter in by them. Nor a concupiſcence but by thoſe unguarded portels received admittance. Our Grandham *Eve* to our ſhame and loſſe, ſaw that the *fruit* was *pleaſant*, and ſhee tooke of the fruit and taſted of it. This *apple* remaines ſtill in the *eye*, and muſt continue an *eye-ſore* to all her *poſterity*. Thus have our *Fathers* eaten ſowre grapes, and their *Childrens* teeth are ſet on edge. O how often have I reſolved with my ſelfe (but as in all things elſe, how weak are mens reſolves?) to ſhut theſe gates againſt all temptations: and on that Object never to fixe my *ſight*, that might give any *Inlet* to ſinne: or to looke on that intentively, which I might not deſire ſafely.

And

And to ſtrengthen this reſolve, I thought upon ſome wholeſome meditation, the memory whereof I had good hope would keepe thoſe *lights* within mee: and not ſuffer them to bee taken up by any worldly vanity. But no ſooner gave time and place opportunity, then thoſe weake reſolves were quite razed: the thoughts of goodneſſe diſcarded; piety became a Stranger to me: for corruption had ſeazed on mine heart, and render'd up her Hold unto the Enemy. O how happy had I beene; had I in my youth repelled thoſe diſtemper'd heates which my wanton *eye* firſt infuſed! But ſo farre was I from repenting of what my youth had committed: as now my riper yeares are not aſhamed to reteine a delight in the remembrance

brance of what my youth affected. And what more hard to cure, then an old Vlcer, an aged sore? O yee treacherous Spies, why have yee thus wandred about to seeke my undoing? what gaine may yee reape by my perdition? Is there no end of your fury; nay, of your madding folly? O remember, how for these beautifull sights which you have presented to mee: and wherewith you have deceived mee; ougly and gastly Spectacles shall torment both you and mee. For you, and none but you, moved mee so unjustly to covet my Neighbours field, because it was fruitfull. And to hunt after the strange woman, because shee was beautifull. Your Presentments made mee in all things sensuall. Thus by bitter experience have I found how by

by the *Countenance* piety became hindered; by the *eyes*, chastity became harmed.

O my deare Saviour, looke uponmee, who have lost my selfe by looking and longing after what was unlawfull for me. O though I be not worthy by lifting up mine eyes *to Heaven, to pray unto thee: yet am I not unworthy by blinding mine* eyes *with teares, to weepe before thee. O doe not turne away thine* eyes *from mee! I am wholly lost if thou despise mee; but I shall* renue *as the* feathers *of an* Eagle, *if thou vouchsafe but to looke upon mee. O may my* delight *be in thy* Law; *my Object thy* Crosse; *my* conscience *my* feast; Righteousnesse *my* Crown.

CHAP.

CHAP. 58.

Hearing.

WOuld any one thinke, that man the nobleſt of Gods creatures; nay, to whom hee has given dominion over all his creatures; man, I ſay, endued with a reaſonable ſoule, ſhould make that *ſenſe* which was given him for *edification*, the inſtrument of his *perdition?* And yet behold the *Man*, with a *ſenſe* accompanying and corrupting Man! *Faith* commeth by *Hearing*; And yet how have I broken my *faith* by *Hearing?* I had ſometimes vowed, though not my ſelfe, yet by ſuch as undertooke for mee, that I would *forſake* the *Devill* and his *Workes*, with the *pomps* and *vanities* of the *fleſh*; but

but where was my performance? Have I not defamed my Neighbour; or *heard* him defamed? And what have I answered for him? nay, have I not delighted in *hearing* him defamed, or inlarged his disgrace with some new reproach? Have I enter'd Gods Temple, the *House* of the most High, with a *sanctified eare*? Nay, have I not come thither rather to traduce, then usefully *heare*? Have I not laboured to catch at this doctrine? Or admit I came there with an *Heart* prepared for devotion: and with an *eare* ready to receive instruction: did not the *Eye* practise with the *Heart* to surprize the *Eare*: and by that meanes decline it from doing what it intended; by giving *eare* to that which might distract it? Nay, let mee come a little

little nearer thee, thou looſe, diſſolute and unprepared *Eare*. Haſt thou *heard* ſo much as a *Pſalme* in the *Church* without diſtraction? Did not thoſe ſweet ayres of ſpirituall devotion ſo farre tranſport thee; that thou gaveſt better eare to the *note* how ſweetly it was ſung, then to the *end* for which it was ſung? Didſt not take more delight in the *voyce* then the *matter*; and by that meanes in the *eare* of thy *Maker*, become an unfitting *Quiriſter*? Didſt thou not by breaking a *Note* to pleaſe thy fancy, conceive more content in the *melody* of the *voyce*, then *purity* of the *heart*? Nay, didſt not preferre the very meaſure or compoſure of it, before his honour for which it was penned? nay, has not God ſpake unto thee in a Pſalme, and thou unto him

Bern. Med. 11. Athan.

yet

yet didſt thou conſider whoſe Pſalme it was, or for whom it was, when thou didſt ſing it to him?

Bern: Med. 8.

Againe, ſhall wee leave the Church, and goe into the world? Tell mee, O tell mee, how didſt thou there employ thine *hearing*? Didſt not take infinite delight in a filthy ſong? Did not a wanton light tune bring thee to thinke of thy light Miſtreſſe? or did it not ſuggeſt to thee ſome looſe thoughts provoking fancy: or ſome other heavy melancholly thoughts egging thee on to ſome deſperate act of revenge or fury? O yes! Thus didſt thou employ it; and thus didſt thou periſh by it. How then ſhould'ſt thou come to bee inſtructed, having beene by thy *beſt inſtructing ſenſe*, thus wofully diſtracted?

By thee, my blessed Master, doe I hope to be instructed: that the follies of my youth may bee at last reformed. O sanctifie the Eare *of mine heart, that I may turne it away from vanity; turne it wholly unto piety. O let mee bee no such* Hearer *as is the* deafe Adder, *which* stoppeth *her* eares, *charme the Charmer never so wisely. O let me be none of those, who will not* heare, *because they would not* understand; *nor of those who* heare, *but will not* understand; *nor of those who* heare, *but will not observe what they both* heare *and* understand: *but give mee an humble* Eare *to* heare, *and a conceiving* heart *to* understand *what I* heare, *that* hearing *humbly*, understanding *fully*, *and* practising *faithfully*, *I may sing alleluia* to thee in the Kingdome of glory.

CHAP.

Chap. 59.

Smell.

MVst that fresh and fragrant Garden of all divine graces; with all those precious odours of Christian vertues and holy duties be abandoned: those saintly examples of devout and religious men bee neglected; and instead of these must those hatefull *weeds* of vices be cherished; which, were they disposed of as they deserve, are for no other use then to be throwne over the wall of Gods Seed-plot, or to be burned? Must that *inclosed Garden*, I say, embrodered and beautified with all spirituall flowers be plowed up by wild beasts of the Forest? Must those *red Roses* of charity, those

white Lillies of *chaſtity*, thoſe *ſweet violets* of *humility* loſe their beauty? Have thoſe conſtant *Martyrs*, chaſte *Virgins*, and humble *Confeſſors* deſerved no reverence, nor imitation from thee? Muſt their memory ſleepe in the duſt, and have no followers after death? O conſider, how all theſe deceiving pleaſures of this world, are but like *Beane-flowers*; when you are farre from them; they *ſmell* ſweet unto you; but when you draw neare them, they diſtaſte you. The pleaſures of ſinne ever cloze with an heavie ſurfet. But returne unto thy ſelfe, and ſee how thou haſt employed this *ſenſe*! It is but a *little one*, and yet it has an *Office* to attend; which neglected, it muſt bee accountable and receive due puniſhment. Come then, and tell mee what thou

thou haſt done! Haſt thou followed thy ſweet Saviour in the *ſmell* of his *ſweet oyntments*? Haſt thou followed him, though a farre off, to his Croſſe? Haſt thou ſought to bee embalmed with his odours? Haſt thou lived as hee preſcribed: or loved that which he profeſſed? O no; thou in the *Garden* ſlept, while hee prayed; Thou in the *Hall* ſtood warming thy ſelfe, while hee was condemned; thou ſcarcely durſt approach the *Mount* where hee ſuffered: and was this to follow him in the *ſmell* of his *ſweet oyntments*, and in his ſufferings to be comforted? His *bleſſed life* was as a *bundle* of *myrrhe*; the whole *courſe* of his *converſation*, a *ſpirituall confection*. Every *action*, our *inſtruction*. And how were thy *feet* prepared to follow him?

O slowly, too too slowly: Thou hadst either a *Father* to *bury*; or a *Wife* to *marry*; or a *yoake* of *oxen* to *try*; or a *Farme* to *buy*. Some excuse or other must be pretended; long may his *Feast* bee prepared, and often maist thou bee invited, before thou be ready to come unto it; and when thou comest, twenty to one, thou art exeluded, because thou hast not on thy *wedding garment*, without which never looke to bee entertained. O but tell mee, what was it that first hindered thee to follow the *savour* of his *sweet ointments*, who so truly lov'd thee, as hee gave himselfe up unto death, to save thee? O it was the *smell* of *worldly* gaine that divided thee from him; or the love of *honour* or *pleasure* that made thee a stranger to him. O who then will

bring

bring thee to him, ſeeing what hee hated moſt, divorc'd thee from him!

O none but thy ſelfe, deare Saviour; O draw me after thee, and I will follow thee. O too much hold has the preſent world had in mee: the cares whereof tooke mee quite from thee. Let it henceforth have no intereſt in mee, that I may bee wholly poſſeſſed of thee: O inflame mine heart with a love of thee, that I may live with thee: for live I cannot, unleſſe I enjoy thee. And ſince I cannot live here, and ſee thee; let mee dye, that I may ſee thee.

Chap. 60.

Taſte.

Adams poſterity had beene bleſſed, had hee only *ſeene* the *fruit*, and never *taſted*. O how ſweet is the *taſte* of ſinne to the palat; but how cold in the ſtomacke? Though it ſhew a cheerfull welcome, it ever leaves us with a ſad farewell. Thou haſt had a free and full *taſte* of this, unhappy Pilgrim, in preferring a *meſſe of pottage* before an *inheritance*. In feeding ſo greedily on the *Huskes* of *vanity*; and preferring them before thoſe *wholeſome Viands* in thy *fathers family*. Yet what were all theſe compared to thoſe *ſpirituall dainties*, that *incorruptible food*, but as *chaffe* to *wheat*, *branne* to *bread*,

Onions

Onions and *Garlicke* of *Egypt* to the *heavenly Manna*? yet behold my misery! Though daily observed how the world was full of troubles, perplexities, tumults and confusions: how such onely had the best part in it, who had the least to doe in it: how the *Great One* had ever some Corrivall to oppose him: the *little one* had some *Great One* to crush him. How honour, like *Hamans* halter, brought the unhappy Enjoyer of it unto ruine. How *Greatnesse* pretending priviledge for guiltinesse, brought the Land to mourning. How there was nothing in the world but shouldring one another; labouring to advance themselves even by their nearest friends dishonour. How the world was an empty Sponge; outwardly flou-

riſhing: fruitleſly promiſing; rarely proſpering. How it was wholly ſet on miſchiefe: and how there was none that did good, no not one. How there was a *world* of *men*: but a *wilderneſſe* of *good men*. How many times vertue bare vices livery: While vice became ſo innocently cloathed, as it paſt current for downe right honeſty. Yet though I ſay, I conſidered theſe things; I never treaſured them in mine heart. I went along with the multitude: for my taſte, it was ſo inured to ſinne, as I tooke moſt delight in that which impoyſoned my ſoule. My liquoriſh *taſte*, my luſcious *tooth* brought mee to *fare deliciouſly* with the rich Glutton: and to carouſe deeply *in Balthaſars cups*. I feared no more the deluge of ſinne, then thoſe before the *Flood* did that

deluge

deluge of waters before it came. O consider then, thou ungracious *sense*, seeing every one must bee punished, wherein hee has been delighted, what shal thy portion be in the Lake, where every impenitent sinner is to receive the wages of his mis-spent life? Woe is me, who will deliver me, or take thee off from accusing me?

Even thou, my gracious Redeemer; who, as thou hast discovered to mee how bitter *the* world *is; wilt bring mee to* taste *and* see *how* sweet *the* Lord *is. O lead mee forth to thy* greene pastures, *neare those* Rivers *of* sweet waters, *where I may* taste *of the fulnesse of thy pleasures, and drinke of those heavenly waters for evermore.*

CHAP.

Chap. 61.

Touch.

Some things were not to be *touched* for their exceeding ſanctity and holineſſe: *other* things were not to be touched for their impurity and uncleanneſſe. The *Arke* was not to bee be *touched*, becauſe of its holineſſe: and *Pitch* is not to bee *touched* becauſe of its uncleanneſſe. Evill converſation is a ſpirituall infection. There be ſundry evill concupiſcences, which though they *touch* not the outward faculties of the body, yet they *touch* the very life and well-being of the Soule. Which though they wound,

wound, yet are the wounds to a worldling ſo infinitely pleaſing, as nothing delights him more then to bee wounded: nothing diſpleaſeth him more then to be cured. The fiſh *Torpedo* is the very Embleme of the world. Shee is ever ſure to take him, by whom ſhe is taken. Some things wee ſhall every where meet withall, which for their pollution beare in their fore-head this Prohibition: *Looke not, taſte not, touch not, handle not.* Leaſt the *eye* of the *ſoule* become blemiſhed; the whole *inward man* infected; the *powers* or *faculties* of the *intellectuall part* wholly diſordered. But how haſt thou, poore miſerable Pilgrim, obſerved this Leſſon? How haſt thou employed this peculiar *ſenſe*, but to ſatisfie thy *concupiſcence?*

cence? Easie it was for any one, if they *touched* thee never so gently, to move thee to passion: but not so easie it was for any object of charity to *touch* thy bowels of compassion. Long might poore sicke *Lazarus* lye at thy Gate, before thou wer't *touched* with remorse, or moved with pitty to relieve him. Long might that way-faring man lye wounded by the way side, before thou were't *touched*, as that tender hearted *Samaritan* was, to minister least comfort to him. O how insensible were't thou of poore *Iosephs* misery! but how quickly *touched* at the least smart which fame or fortune might dart on thee! nor was it any wonder, thou insensate *sense*, that thou shouldst grow thus obdurate; seeing thy *Chambering* and *Wantonnesse*, thy

ſpirituall Fornication and *Drunkenneſſe*; thy trampling of Gods word under feet; thy murmuring and diſcontent in every eſtate; thy partiall and corrupt love to thy ſelfe, made thee wholly forgetfull of all others but thy ſelfe. Meane time, thou little knew how thou were't thine owne Enemy; in not ſeeking to cure that mortall infirmity: which by proceſſe of time became ſo much more incurable, as thou of thine owne malady were't grown inſenſible. For, howſoever they ſeemed to cheriſh thee, and ſo delude thee, theſe were Iſmalites, thy mortall enemies, who ſported with thee. Thus have I looſely rioted, and fearefully tranſgreſſed in the abuſe of every *ſenſe*: and by obeying the luſts of the fleſh, hatefully ſinned againſt mine owne own ſoule.

Deare

Deare Lord, thou who breatheſt the ſpirit of life into every living ſoule; and from whom if thou take away thy breath, they dye. Breath into my ſoule new affections; rectifie my diſordered and miſ-employed Senſes. *O give unto mee, thou inviſible light, ſuch a* ſight *as may ſee thee. Create in me a new* ſmell, *O thou breath of life, that I may runne after thee in the* ſmell *of thy* ſweet oyntments *cheerfully. Heale thou my* taſte *that I may* taſte, *know and diſcerne how great is the multitude of thy ſweetneſſe, O Lord, which thou haſt laid up in thy heavenly Treaſury, for thoſe who are full of thy charity. Sanctifie thou mine* eare, *that it may bee edified by thee: and ſo direct it, that my heart may be inflamed by it, to the practiſe of piety. Quicken my* touch, *with*

com-

compaſſion to thy little ones : *and ſo order every* Senſe *that they may perform their proper offices to the good both of my ſoule and body : making it ever their abſoluteſt ayme to promote thy glory.*

Chap. 62.

Being thus encompaſſed with danger, hee prepares himſelfe for prayer.

WHat Sanctuary have I now to retire to : or what Refuge may I fly to, when I have nothing within mee, but practiſeth rather to betray mee then free me : nothing without mee, that may any way availe mee, now when dangers of all ſorts, and on all ſides thus encompaſſe me? O my good God, I have one in readineſſe,

neſſe, for thou haſt prepared it for mee; and by it ſhall I in due time receive comfort from thee. The direction is ſhort and ſoveraigne "*If any bee afflicted, let him pray; and if hee be merry, let him ſing Pſalmes.* I am *afflicted*, Lord; I am inwardly *afflicted*. I will therefore take the *wings* of the *morning*, and fly with the *Dove*, till I may find ſome *reſting place* for the *ſoale* of my *foot*: till I may bring an *Olive-branch* in my *bill*, and ſo bring glad tydings to my poore Soule, that the *floods* of *waters* are returned backe: which have not onely for many dayes, but many years encompaſſed me. Thoſe *bitter waters* of *Marah*; thoſe ſwelling *floods* of *affliction* which have gone over my Soule. In the old world, when *Noahs* Arke was builded, and

Iam. 5.

all

all the inhabitants of the earth to the number of eight reduced: *fifteene cubits* onely did the *waters prevaile upward*, and *covered* the *Mountaines*. But the *waters* of my *affliction* have mounted higher: they have bound in my soule; and brought her downe to the depths. High time then is it to fly for succour: lest the *water-floods* swallow mee up: and the remembrance of mee bee no more: I will direct therefore my *Prayer* unto God; for hee is a God of mercy and all consolation: he will take pitty of my affliction; and in his appointed time rid me of all my feares. Gen. 7.

But alas, though I know the way where comfort is to bee received, and the doore of the Sanctuary be open to receive mee in it: yet so long have I estranged

estranged my selfe from it: and so unacquainted am I with the exercise of *Prayer*, as I know not in what forme or manner to make it. For when I looke upon my selfe, and consider how luke-warme has beene my conversation, how earthly my affection, how feigned my confession, how short and rare my compunction, how my obedience has been without devotion, my prayer without intention, my reading without edification, my speech without circumspection; I grow ashamed of my condition: acknowledging nothing to bee due unto mee, but reproach and confusion. For when at any time I pray, I mind not what I pray, nor to whom I pray; how may I then hope for any helpe from him to whom I pray, or that my

Bern. Med. 11.

my prayer ſhall bee heard by him, ſeeing I my ſelfe doe not heare my ſelfe in the prayer, which I make unto him? The pretious ſtone *Diacletes*, though it have many rare and excellent properties in it, yet it loſeth them all if it be put in a dead mans mouth: So *Prayer*, which is the only ſoveraigne pearle and Iewell of a Chriſtian, though it have many rare and exquiſite vertues in it, many promiſes conferred on it; yet it loſeth them every one, if it be put into a mans mouth, or into a mans heart either, that is dead in ſinne, and doth not knock with a pure heart. For *Prayer* without devotion is like the bellowing of Oxen. O where am I then, whoſe imaginations have beene evill from my youth; whoſe life has beene a ſinke of ſinne; and whoſe *Ib. c. 8.*

whoſe heart has beene a ſtranger to devotion? how and in what manner may I pray in hope to be heard? how ſhall I render up my *Supplication*, that it may be received? how ſhall I offer my *Sacrifice* of thankſgiving, that it may be accepted?

O my deare Lord, as thou haſt taught me to pray, ſo teach mee how to pray. Put ſweet incenſe into the Cenſor, and that it may burne the better, inflame my heart with ſpirituall fervor. Behold, Lord, I fly unto thee, open the doore of thy Sanctuary unto mee, that I may enter and offer up my prayer *to thee, after that abſolute forme of* prayer *which thou thy ſelfe haſt taught me.*

CHAP.

Chap. 63.

He repeats the Lords prayer; and in every particular he finds himselfe a great Offender.

Our Father which art in heaven.--Oh make a stoppe here (poore Pilgrim) before thou goest any farther! Hast thou a *Father in Heaven?* where is the duty thou shouldst tender? Dost thou use him like a *Father*; much lesse like an *heavenly Father*; when thou preferrest the pleasures of sin before his honour? *Hallowed bee thy name.*--Oh with what tongue canst thou utter *hallowed*, seeing his *name* hath been by thee so much dishonoured? *Thy Kingdome come.*—O shake and tremble! fearefull to thee will bee the comming of his *King-*

Kingdome, seeing thou by ascribing to thy selfe what was due unto him, shalt bee accused of seeking to rob him of his *Kingdome*. When the foundation of the earth shall be shaken; the whole world dissolved: and thou brought forth naked, to be publikely judged. *Thy will be done* – Oh dissembling wretch, dost thou pray that his *Will* may be *done*, when thou never yet with thy *Will* didst that which thou shouldst have *done*: nor what thou knewest well was his *Will* to be *done*? *In Earth as it is in Heaven.* And yet has it beene the least of thy care on *Earth*, to doe his *will*, as it is *done* in *heaven. Give us this day our daily bread.* — Oh has he not granted thy suite? has he not strengthned thee with the *staffe* of *bread.* But hast thou walked

in

in the ſtrength thereof to his honour: or requited him with an offering of his owne, by *ſowing* thy *bread* upon the *waters? And forgive us our treſpaſſes.*—Oh they are many, many in quantity; heavy in qualitie: yet as a *ſparke* in the Sea, ſo has hee drowned them in the Ocean of his mercy. *As wee forgive them that treſpaſſe againſt us.*—O conſider well the particle of this petition; examine thine heart, whether thou haſt or no performed the condition. Thou deſireſt but to be forgiven as thou doſt forgive: oh forgive then, that thou maieſt bee forgiven! Few be the *arrerages* which thou canſt demand of thy Brother, in compariſon of thoſe which are owing by thee to thy Maker. *And lead us not into temptation.* And yet thou wilt not ſtick to *lead* thy ſelfe

into *temptation.* He is ready to beſtow his *grace* upon thee; to ſend his *Holy Spirit* to guide thee; to ſpread his *Banner* over thee: yet while thou prayeſt not to bee *led* into *temptation*, thou willingly *leadeſt* thy ſelfe into that, which thou in thy *prayer* deſireſt to prevent. *But deliver us from evill.* —Oh how many *deliverances* has he ſhewn unto thee? How often has hee ſnapped in pieces the Speare which might have diſpatched thee. Broken thoſe Arrowes which might have wounded thee? Taken thy foot out of the ſnare which had intrapped thee? Nay, how often haſt thou gone downe even unto the gates of Hell, and leaſt thou ſhouldſt enter in, he with-held thee? How often haſt thou drawne neare even to the gates of death, and leſt they ſhould take

take thee in, hee preserv'd thee? Thus hath hee *delivered* thee from all *evill*: and yet for all this good which hee has done thee, thou hast requited him with *evill*. And now thou concludest: *For thine is the Kingdome, power and glory; for ever and ever, Amen.* Oh how ready thou art here to acknowledge his *power*, and yet to deny it in thy life? But confesse thou must his *power* not onely with mouth, but heart, and practise of a good life, if ever thou meanest to partake with him in the *Kingdome* of *glory*.

II

O my sweet Saviour, as thou hast taught mee by this absolute forme of Prayer, how I am to make my prayer: and hast promised to grant me my requests, if I [illegible]

that no place may be left for distraction: Here thou hast taught how and in what manner I am to pray, O let me not lose the benefit of it, by losing my selfe when I pray.

Chap. 64.

He renders a private account of his Faith: and in every article of the Creede, hee finds a fainting, failing, weaknesse and want.

I *Beleeve in God; the father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth.* This first Article of our Belicfe was made by Christs first Apostle Saint *Peter*. And herein thou professest that thou *believest*. But that is not enough; The *Devills* doe *believe* and *tremble*. Thou must not

not onely *believe God*, but *believe in God*; and that he is *thy God*. Againe, thou art not only to *believe God*; and *believe in God*; but solely *love God*: and wholly *live to God*. For as wee are to *believe with heart unto righteousnesse*; and *confesse* with *mouth* unto *salvation*: so are we to bring forth *fruits* hereof in an holy and blamelesse *conversation*. O how much hast thou *failed* in the *first*, what then may wee looke for at the *last*? *And in Iesus Christ his onely Sonne our Lord.* Of this second Article was Saint *Iohn* the Evangelist Author: one, who was right deare in the eyes of his Master, our blessed Saviour: and one, who *leaned* on his bosome, at his last Supper. And here thou confessest *Iesus Christ*, the second person in the blessed Trinity, to be the *Sonne* Iohn 13. 23.

of *God*; & to be *our Lord*. But hast thou by a contrite heart & regenerate life made him *thy Lord*? Thou saist, thou dost *beleeve* in him, but dost thou *love* him in whom thou *believest*? And how shouldst thou be lesse then his *Lover*; so long as thou *beleev'st* him to be thy *Saviour*? But wher be any *Signes* of this love? O if thou didst truly *love* him in who thou *believ'st*, thou wouldst rather *leave* to *live*, then *leave* to *love* him in whom thou believest! *Which was conceived by the Holy Ghost, borne of the Virgin* Mary. This third Article S. *Iames* the Greater, composed; whereby thou art taught to *beleeve*, all *sanctification* to be included in his *Conception*; all *humility* in his *Nativity*. But dost thou, as every Christian should do, seriously consider, for whose sake this *Virgin* was *conceived*; for whose

ſake thy *ſweet Saviour* became ſo *humbled?* that the *Son* of *God* ſhould become the *ſon* of *Man*, that the *Son* of *Man* might become the *ſon* of *God?* that the *immortall* ſhould become *mortall?* that the *mortall* might become *immortall?* that the *living Lord* ſhould dye, that the *dying man* might live? that the *free* ſhould become *bound*, that the *bound* might become free? that God ſhould *deſcend* from *heaven* to *earth*, that he might *draw* us from *earth* to *heaven?* that God ſhould become *humbled*; that *Man* might be *exalted?* that *He* ſhould become *poore*, that we might be *enriched?* and *reckoned* amongſt the *tranſgreſſors*, that we amongſt his *Saints* might be *numbred?* Haſt thou, I ſay, meditated of this; how he was *borne* for thee; that thou mightſt be *re-borne* in him? O I feare thou haſt beene

more ready to partake of this benefit, then by acknowledgeing it, to bee thankefull for it! *Suffered under Pontius Pilat, was crucified, dead and buried.* This fourth Article Saint *Andrew* framed: wherein thou seest, and perhaps, admirest the unjust proceedings of a wicked Iudge: for thou heares't one, and that an odious and malicious one, pronouncing the sentence of death upon the Lord of life: and inclining to the voice and vote of the people, delivering a murdring delinquent, to murder the innocent. Nay, pronouncing a *sentence* against his owne *Conscience*: for hee *washed his hands* but not in innocence. Againe, thou heares't and *beleeves't* that hee was *crucified*; and yet it grieves thee not to *crucifie* him afresh with new sinnes. Thou *beleeves't*

veſt that hee *died* and was *buried:* and yet thou daily dieſt not to *ſin*, but in *ſin*; and haſt now, not *three dayes*, but *many yeares* laine buried in them. *He deſcended into hell.* This fifth Article Saint *Philip* added; and thou *beleeveſt* in it. Hee *deſcended* that thou mightſt *aſcend* to the place whereto hee is *aſcended.* Yet where be there any tokens of thy deſire to aſcend unto him? *Aſcend* unto him thou canſt not, unleſſe thou *deſcend* into thy ſelfe, for whom he ſo humbly *deſcended. The third day he roſe againe from the dead.* This ſixt Article Saint *Thomas* annexed: An Article proper for *Thomas*, who touching Chriſts *Reſurrection*, was ſo incredulous. And here thou ſeeſt that late *crucified man*, now acquit himſelfe of death, like a *victorious Lord.* And hence thou

rejoyceſt: but unleſſe thou *riſe* from *ſinne*, and *live* to *righteouſneſſe*, Chriſts *Reſurrection* ſhall afford thee ſmall comfort in the bed of thy ſickneſſe. *Hee aſcended into heaven, and ſitteth on the right hand of God, the father Almighty.* This ſeventh Article Saint *Bartholomew* penned. And by this thou *beleeveſt* that hee is now *aſcended*, who for thy ſake *deſcended*. And as from his *riſing* came the hope of thy *Reſurrection*: ſo from his *aſcending* the hope of thy *glorification*. But thou muſt *riſe* with him, before thou canſt *reigne* with him: riſe with him who was free from all ſin, from the Grave of ſin, that thou maiſt reigne with him who dyed for thy ſin, in his heavenly Sion. And as hee *ſitteth* on the *right hand* of *God* the *father Almighty*, where he offers up his prayers for

Aug. in Serm. de Aſcenſ.

for thee, sheweth those glorious scars of his precious wounds to his *Father* for thee, & per forms the faithfull office of a loving Mediator for thee; So art thou in thy prayers to remember the necessity of his Saints upon earth. But cold is thy charity in performing such a duty. *From whence he shall come to judge both the quick and the dead.* This eight Article was by S. *Matthew* published: and by this thou *believest*, how he who was judged unjustly shall judge the whole world in Equity. For the *Father judgeth* none, but hath given up this *judgement* unto his *Son*, in whose brest are laid up all the treasures of wisdome and knowledge: And this thou *beleevest* and *trembleſt*: and reason thou hast to tremble: for how shalt thou be able to stand in his presence, before whom even

even the heavens are uncleane? O when the *righteous* ſhall ſcarcely be ſaved, what wil become of the *wicked?* when the *axe* of his *judgement* ſhall not ſpare the *greene tree*, what will become of the *dry?* O nothing but woe, woe may befall thee miſerable delinquent, if hee deale not with thee in *mercy* but in *judgement! I believe in the Holy Ghoſt.* This ninth Article Saint *Iames* the leſſe delivered. And thou art taught to *believe* thus much by it: that the *Holy Ghoſt* the third perſon in the bleſſed Trinity, is the Spirit of comfort, truth and unity: without which it is impoſſible to pleaſe God. For as hee promiſed unto his Apoſtles a *Comforter*, ſo in the *ſhape* of a *Dove*, and in the *forme* of *cloven tongues* there appeared unto them this promiſed Comforter.

Act. 2. 3.

But

But how is it that thou *beleeveſt* in the *Holy Ghoſt:* and yet with thine hardneſſe of heart, and looſeneſſe of life *grieveſt* the *Holy Spirit* of God? Thus to *beleeve*, if thou be not *penitent*; will rather bee a meanes to draw on thee, then remove from thee Gods heavy *judgement*. *The holy Catholike Church.* This tenth Article of faith Saint *Simon* founded. But how doſt thou *beleeve* the *holy Catholike Church*, or how is thy *faith* grounded, if thou obſerve not what the *Church* has commanded? How canſt thou bee a *Member* of her, ſo long as thou liveſt divided from her? Or how canſt thou truly call her *Mother*, ſo long as thou hearkneſt not to her commands, but becommeſt diſobedient to her? O then, by a *right faith* knit thy ſelfe unto her: or elſe

Aug. elſe diſclaime thy being a *Member* of her. But looke unto it: for *God* thou canſt not have for thy *Father*, unleſſe thou have his *Church* for thy *Mother*. Neither canſt thou ever hope to bee a Citizen in his *Church triumphant*, unleſſe thou bee firſt a *Member* of his *Church Militant*. *The Communion of Saints, the forgiveneſſe of ſinnes.* To this eleventh Article is Saint *Iudas Thadæus* intitled. And this *Communion of Saints* thou *beleeveſt*; and for the *forgiveneſſe* of *ſinnes* thou lookeſt. And yet thou liveſt not, as if thou deſired to bee of this *Communion*. Neither rendreſt thou any ſuch fruits of repentance, as may cheriſh in thee, the leaſt hope of Remiſſion. *The Reſurrection of the body, and the life everlaſting.* Amen. With this laſt Article Saint *Mathias* cloſeth

cloſeth our *Creed*. And by it thou *beleeveſt* that thy *body* ſhall *riſe againe* from the duſt: and that thy *ſoule* ſhall *live* with the juſt. But haſt thou not fed thy *Body* too delicately, to riſe againe to glory? Haſt thou not taken too much pleaſure in ſinning, ever to enjoy *life everlaſting*.

O thou bleſſed Trinity in unity, and Vnity in Trinity; thus have I made a confeſſion *of my* Faith *unto thee, but my many faintings, failings, wants, weakneſſes and imperfections greatly diſcourage mee, unleſſe thou in thy mercy ſtrengthen me.* I beleeve, Lord, O helpe my unbeleefe. *Give mee the ſhield* of *faith; that here on earth I may acquit my ſelfe like a valiant Champion: and in Heaven be made by thee a triumphant Citizen.*

CHAP.

Chap. 65.

Having thus examined himselfe, and found in the whole course of his life, a fainting in faith, *and failing in* Works; *He recalleth to mind those* Quatuor Novissima, *or* foure last Remembrances; *Memorials hourely necessary for all Christians.*

THus hast thou laid thy selfe open to all discovery: and there is no good thing to bee found in thee. For in thy *faith*, thou hast found a fainting and weaknesse: and in all thy *workes* a failing and barrennesse.

Aug. Most freely went that blessed Father to worke (and no lesse dangerous has beene thy walke) when hee confessed himselfe in this sort. "I inherit

"rit ſin from my father, an ex-
"cuſe from my mother, lying
"from the Devill, folly from
"the world, ſelfe-conceit from
"the pride and arrogant opi-
"nion of my ſelfe. Deceitfull have beene the imaginations of thine heart, crooked have beene thy wayes: malicious thy workes. And yet haſt thou taken the *judgements* of *God* in thy *mouth*. Deſiring nothing more then to blind the eye of the world with a counterfeit zeale. But all ſuch *Hypocrites* God will *judge*. Hee will not be mocked with. For as the *Divell* has his *ſive*, with which hee lets goe the *good*; but keepeth the *bad*: So the *Lord* has his *Fanne*, by which he lets goe the *bad*, and keepeth the *good*. O when hee ſhall ſeparate his *goats* from *his ſheepe*; his *wheat* from his *tares*; when the *Juſt* and

and the *Wicked* ſhall appeare before him: and every man ſhall be put into the ballance; O I feare mee then, thou wilt bee found many graines too light! It were well for thee then, to prepare thy ſelfe againſt that great and fearefull day. And to furniſh thee all the better, by making thee a true Convert, of an impenitent Sinner, recall to mind thoſe *Quatuor Novissima*; or *Foure laſt Remembrances*: Memorials hourely to bee thought; and ſo neceſſary to be reteined in thy memory, as the Chriſtian uſe of them may prepare thee before *Death* ſummon thee; and in this vale of miſery fit thee for thine heavenly voyage to eternity. And yet while I ſpeake thus unto thee, I find thy condition to be wofull: for if thou conſider them, the very thought of them cannot

cannot chuſe but ſtartle thee: and if thou neglect them, thou wilt ſtand in amaze, when they encounter thee.

O my deare Lord remember me in thy mercy; and ſo prepare my memory; that theſe Foure neceſſary Remembrances *may never depart from me. Let mee be prepared for* Death, *before it come, that it may never take mee unprepared whenſoever it ſhall come. Let mee thinke of that fearefull day of* Iudgement; *and judge my ſelfe before I be judged, that I may not be found* light *in thy* ſcale, *when I ſhall be weighed. Let me, O let me thinke, how there is an* Hell *for the damned; for better is it by timely fearing it, to avoid it: then by never dreaming of it, head-long to fall into it. Laſtly, let mee thinke of* Heaven, *how it is the place of the*

Bleſſed

Blessed: and that none but those that are of a cleane heart *shall dwell in it. O cleanse thou mine* heart, *that I may bee prepared for it, and with much spirituall joy be received in it.*

CHAP. 66.

Death.

IT is strange that *Death* should bee such a stranger to thee, when hee so daily visits those that neighbour neere thee. Thou hast beene familiarly acquainted with many, whose habitation is not now to bee found; who have *enjoyed* the *pleasures* of sinne freely; Others, who have *inlarged* their *Barnes* and *store-houses* carefully; others, who have ruffled in their honours highly: and could de-

liver

liver a *Word* of *Command* bravely: and now behold how all these being arrested at *Deaths* suit, were enforced to veile to his surly command! They have made their *Beds* in the *darke*. They have left their *Houses* unto others; they are gone unto their *Graves*, and must not returne againe. Their *substance* they have left unto others: and *strangers* are become their *Heires*. They are *rooted out* from the face of the earth: and now they consider the vanity of their desires: how they who lay land to land while they were here, find now what a small scantling has suffic'd them in this their returne to their *last home*. Poore shell of corruption, what dost thou thinke of these things? I know well, that great revenues, swelling honours, smiling

ling pleasures are dangerous, and fearefull *eye-sores* to a dying man. He lookes back upon his *Honours*, and askes of them, if they cannot relieve him: but like false hearted Reteiners, they fly from him, and present their service to another: so quickly have they forgot their dying Master. He e looks backe then upon his *Revenues*, those *houshold Gods* of his, his inchisted *treasures*, and askes of them, if they cannot, redeeme them: But alas, they have no such power; these reserve themselves for his prodigall Successour, or succeeding Rioter: they were so poorly used and employed by him, as they have quickly forgot their dying Master. At last h: looks back upon his *pleasures*, unhappy pleasures, which now torment him more then ever they did delight him;

and

and he askes them, if they can allay his paine, or any way ſuccour him: but alas, they ſoone leave him, for they find nothing in him nor about him that may entertaine them. An eaſie farewell then have theſe taken of their dying Maſter. But thou, poore Pilgrim, haſt no *honours* to tranſport thee; no *fortunes* to detaine thee; no *pleaſures* to enſnare thee? For the firſt, the count'nance of greatneſſe never ſhone upon thee; for the ſecond, worldly wealth could never yet ſo burden thee: and for the laſt, though thy youth might affect them, the infirmities of age have now eſtrang'd them from thee. And yet the voyce of *death* is more terrible to thee then the noiſe of a Canon. No note more dolefull; no ſummons more fearefull. And in this thou art not much

to

to bee blamed : for Death is fearefull to all flesh. But so to plaint thine hopes on Earth ; as if thou mightst never goe from earth ; nor returne to earth ; albeit, thou canst find nothing on earth worthy to entertaine thee, is the unhappiest condition that may befall thee. O thinke then of that time, even now while thou hast time, when thy soule, poor languishin soule, finding thy eyes shut, thy mouth closed, and all those senses of thy body perished, by which shee used to goe forth, and be delighted in these outward things whereto shee was affected, shall returne unto her selfe : and seeing her selfe all alone and naked, as one afflicted and affrighted with exceeding horror, shall through despaire faile in her selfe, and fall under her selfe : O whither

wilt thou fly in hope of succour, to comfort thy poore soule in a time of such danger?

Even to thee will I fly O God of my salvation, for thou wilt not suffer my soule to descend to corruption. Nay, such is thy loving kindnesse, as thou wilt make my bed *in my* sickenesse. *And because nothing is more* certaine *then* death; *nothing more* uncertaine *then the* houre *of* Death; *prepare mee continually against the* houre of Death. *And that* Death *may appeare lesse fearefull unto mee, send thy* Holy Spirit *to comfort me; that being inwardly armed by thee against the assaults of* Death, *and fury of my Ghostly Enemy, I may* fight a good fight, *and cry,* O Death where is thy sting! O Hell where is thy victory!

Bern. Med. 2.

Chap. 67.
Iudgement.

WOe is mee, I tremble to thinke of it, and yet I cannot thinke how to avoid it! Iudged I muſt bee, and who will ſpeake for mee? A fearfull witneſſe I have *within* mee, to accuſe mee: ſinnes of *omiſſion*, ſinnes of *Commiſſion* to impeach mee, ſinnes of *ignorance*, ſinnes of *knowledge*, ſinnes of *malice* to convict mee, though one were ſufficient to condemne mee. But thou wilt aske mee, of what art thou to be brought to account? for what art thou to be brought to *Iudgement*? Even for all thy *thoughts, words* and *workes*. *For God will bring every worke into Iudgement, with every ſecret thing whether it be good, or whether it be evill.* And that it may appear

Eccleſ. 12. 12.

peare that thou ſhalt be accountable for all theſe; firſt, touching thy *thoughts*: Of theſe thou ſhalt be *judged*; *for froward thoughts ſeparate* from God. Sap. 1.

And hee *ſhall judge the ſecrets of men*. Rom. 2.

With *their conſcience alſo bearing witneſſe, and their* thoughts *the meane while accuſing, or elſe excuſing one another*. Ib. 5. 15.

Secondly, thou ſhalt give account of all thy *words*. *Of every idle word that men ſhall ſpeake, they ſhall give account in the day of Iudgement*. Mat. 12.

Thirdly, thou ſhalt be accountable for all thy *workes*. *For we muſt all appeare before the* Iudgement *ſeat of Chriſt, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad*. 2 Cor. 5.

O my poore afflicted Soule, canſt thou heare theſe things, and not melt thy ſelfe into

teares? seeing, that not onely in the bed of thy sicknesse, by a secret divine power all those *workes* which thou hast done; be they good or evill, shall appeare before thee, and be presented to thee; but in that fearefull day of Account, when all flesh shall come to *Judgement*: all these in Capitall Letters shall appeare written before thee. Not one privie bosome sinne, were it never so closely committed, or subtilly covered, or cunningly carried, but must bee there discovered. *Adam* shall bee brought from his *bushes*, and *Sarah* from behind the *doore*, and man, miserably perplexed man, shall say to his conscience, as *Ahab* said to *Elias*, *Hast thou found me, O mine Enemy!* O what nnmberlesse numbers of Bils of Inditement shall bee then and there pre-

preferred againſt thee? And of all theſe to be found guilty; O how art thou falne into the *gall* of *bitterneſſe*, and all miſery! For what can the *thoughts* and Imaginations of thine *heart* ſay for themſelves, but that they have beene evill continually? what can the *words* of thy *mouth* ſay for themſelves, but that they have beene full of all filthineſſe and ſcurrility? Laſtly, what can the *workes* of thine *hands* ſay for themſelves, but that they have beene loaden with tranſgreſſions and iniquity? But perchance, thou haſt ſome hope of a pardon, and ſo like ſome of our deluded Delinquents here on earth, by flattering thy ſelfe with a vaine hope of life, eſtrangeſt thy thoughts from thinking of a better life. But doe not ſo deceive thy ſelfe; for if it be not by

faithfull repentance ſought for here, there is no hope for any *pardon* there to bee procured; nor for any *Appeale* to be there admitted; nor for one minutes *Repreve* to bee there granted; nor for that heavy *ſentence* of Death to be one moment adjourned. That *ſentence* of *eternall Death. Depart from me*; this ſhall bee the *ſentence*: To loſe whoſe countenance, and to *Depart* from his preſence is to bring thy ſoule into endleſſe torments, eternall anguiſh.

O my God, thou who haſt appointed a time for every man to dye, *and after that to come to judgement*; make me to *remember mine* end; *that fitting my ſelfe for it, I may chearefully encounter it, and ſo prepare my ſelfe for that* judgement *which ſhall come after it. O make me* walke

in

in thy light, *now while I have* light *to* walke *in*; *and to* worke *out my* ſalvation *now while I have* time *to* worke *in*. *For time will come, unleſſe wee* walke *here as* Children *of* light) *when we ſhall have neither* light *to* walke *in*, *nor* time *to* worke *in*. *O inflame mine heart with thy love*; *and teach me thy* judgements, *and my ſoule ſhall live*.

Chap. 68.

Hell.

HEare how the damned ſay; while they were here on earth they lived better then thou, and yet they are damned! And ſo they taxe Gods mercy and indulgence towards thee of injuſtice and partiality. Such is thoſe dam-

ned ſoules charity. Meane time, thou liveſt ſecurely, feedeſt deliciouſly, and putteſt the thought of the *evill day* from thee by walking foolithly in the ways of vanity. Little deſire then maiſt thou have, O thou ſinfull Pilgrim, to ſee death; having ſo little hope of life after Death. O, had ſome of thoſe damned ones, who are now loſt for ever, received thoſe many ſweet viſits, motions and free offers of his *grace*; thoſe opportunities of doing good; thoſe many meanes of eſchuing evill; no doubt but they would have beene as ready to entertaine them, as thou haſt been to reject them. O thinke with thy ſelfe, how happy had that rich Glutton beene, if hee had rewarded poore *Lazarus* with ſome few crummes from his Table! O had it not beene farre

farre better for him, to have given to the poore all that ever hee had; to have ſtripped himſelfe to his ſhirt: and to have made exchange of his purple raiments with rags of poverty, then to fry in hel-fire eternally? O how happy had that rich man in the Goſpel bin, if in ſtead of inlarging his *Barns*, he had inlarged his *Bowels* to the poore! Little knew hee how ſoone his ſoul ſhould be taken from him; when hee addreſſed his care for ſo needleſſe a proviſion. His thoughts were ſo taken up with *inlarging* his *Barnes*; as hee never thought, *How Tophet was ordained of old*; how *it was made deepe and large*; the *pile thereof fire and much wood*; and how *the breath of the Lord like a ſtreame of brimſtone, doth kindle it*. *Tophet* was large enough, though his *Barnes* were not. Eſay 30. 33.

But turne unto thy ſelfe; for whom canſt thou find in more danger of falling into that *place of horror*, then thy ſelfe? How haſt thou beſtowed thy time? how haſt thou employed thy *Talent*? O haſt thou not put it up in a *napkin*; or done worſe by employing it to ſome worſer end? have not many bin damned for leſſe then thou haſt committed: and did it repent thee of what thou hadſt done, that ſo thou mightſt not bee condemned? O no; many a wretched ſoule lyes there tormented for leſſe offences then ever thou acted; and haſt thou yet turned to the Lord, that thou maiſt bee pardoned? It is written, in what houre ſoever the *Righteous* committeth *iniquity*, his *righteouſneſſe* ſhall not bee had in *remembrance*. Now, if the *righteouſneſſe* of him ſhall bee for-

Ezek. 42.

forgotten by committing iniquity, who leaveth what he once loved, relinquisheth what hee once professed; what may we thinke of the repentance of that sinner, who returnes againe to that whereof hee repented? O how many have ascended even up to heaven, and amongst the starres have built their nests: and yet have suddenly falne from that glory, by glorying in their own strength, and so drench'd themselves in endlesse misery? And whence came all this, but because they ascended unto that Mountaine, to which the first *Angel* ascended, and as a *Divell* descended? And canst thou excuse thy selfe of being one of these? Hast thou not sometimes shewn to the world great arguments of piety? Hast thou not beene sometimes like the *Kings* *Augs Soliloq. c. 29.*

daughter,

Daughters, all *glorious within*: but how ſoone becameſt thou ſtript of this glory? Thou fell from that ſeeming ſanctity, or holy hypocriſie into open prophaneneſſe and impiety. Woe is mee, what ſhall become of me! The *wages* of *ſinne* is *death*; a death that never dieth, but liveth eternally. Where nothing ſhall bee heard but weeping and wayling, groaning and howling, ſorrowing and gnaſhing of teeth. O how grievous then ſhall bee mine anguiſh! how endleſſe my ſorrow and ſadneſſe! when I ſhall bee ſet apart from the ſociety of the juſt; deprived of the ſight of God; deliver'd up unto the power of the Devils, and to goe along with them into eternall fire: where I am to remaine without end in grieving and groaning. When

when I ſhall be baniſhed from that bleſſed Countrey of Paradiſe, to bee tormented in *Hell* perpetually: where I muſt never ſee ſo much as one ſmall beameling of light, nor the leaſt drop of refreſhment: but be tormented in *Hell* for thouſand-thouſand years: and ſo tormented, as never to be thence delivered: wher neither the tormentors become wearied; nor they dye who are tormented. *Bern. Med*

O my deare Lord, looke upon the price of thine owne blood. Thou haſt bought mee for a great price: O deliver thy Darling *from the* Dags: *remember her in mercy whom thou haſt bought. O let her not goe downe into the* Pit; *neither let the* Depth *ſwallow her up. For who ſhall praiſe thee in the* Depth? *O my good God, though the terrors of* Death, *and torments of* Hell *encompaſſe me,*

me, yet art thou my Succour, and wilt deliver me: and my ſoule ſhall live to prayſe thee.

Chap. 69.

Heaven.

O How ſhould I looke up unto thee, that have ſo provoked thee? O thou Manſion of the Saints; thou portion of the juſt; thou Citie of the great King; thou heavenly and moſt happy kingdome; where thy bleſſed Inhabitants are ever living & never dying; wher thy glorious ſtate is ever flouriſhing and never declining. I muſt confeſſe to my great griefe and ſhame, that I have no *intereſt* in thee. I have loſt thee, unhappily loſt thee, in loſing my ſelfe, in loſing my ſoule by ſelling it to vanity. I ſometimes reſolved to play the part of a *wiſe Merchant*, and to ſell all I had

had for the purchaſe of one *pearle*. But I held the purchaſe too deare, and therefore have I deſervingly loſt it. Fooliſh Pilgrim, couldſt thou find any thing more fitting to entertain thy beſt thoughts, or beſtow thy care, then the *ſalvation* of thy *ſoule*? Didſt thou thinke it ſo eaſie a taske to get *Heaven*, as to purchaſe it by making thine *Heaven* on *earth*; yet hadſt thou but taken halfe ſo much pains to get *heaven*, as thou haſt done to get *Hell*: thou mightſt have challeng'd more intereſt to *Heaven*, then now thou canſt. Many ſummer days & long winter nights have thy follies taken thee up: and theſe ſeem'd ſhort unto thee, becauſe thou tookſt delight in thoſe pleaſures of vanity: But to beſtow one ſhort houre upon devotion; O how many diſtractions did that

ſuffer

ſuffer; and how long and tedious ſeem'd that houre, becauſe that task was wearisome to thee, and thy mind was elſewhere wandring, and would not ſtay with thee: and canſt thou now thinke that ſo rich a kingdom would keep it ſelfe for thee; when thou wouldſt neither *knock* that it might be *opened* to thee; nor *ſeeke* that it might be *found* of thee? Health, thou know'ſt well, commeth not from the clouds without ſeeking, nor wealth from the clods without digging. And yet *Heaven* muſt be got without knocking or ſeeking. But great prizes are not to bee ſo purchaſed: For as *Heavens Gate* is ſtraite, and *few* there be that enter; ſo are our *tribulations* to be *many*; that we may be of that *few* that ſhall enter. But I heare thee now cry out,

as

as one that had ſome ſenſe of his ſinne, and of the loſſe hee has incurred by ſinne. "Woe "is mee! I cannot looke upon "this *Earth*, I tread on without "bluſhing; nor can I thinke "upon *Death* without ſorrow-"ing; nor the *day Iudgement* "without trembling; nor of "*Hell* without ſhaking; nor "of the joyes of *Heaven* with-"out aſtoniſhing. For *Earth*, "I loved it ſo well, (and well "might I bluſh at my ſelfe for "for beſtowing my love ſo ill) "as the remembrance of *Death* "became ſorrowfull. For by "it I underſtood how I was "to be brought to *Iudgement*, "of all others moſt feare-"full; and from thence as "having nothing to anſwer in "mine owne defence, I was "to bee haled to *Hell* a place "diſmall and dolefull. And

con-

" consequently to forfeit all
" my title and interest in *Hea-*
" *ven*, which could not chuse
" but astonish mee, being a
" place so joyfull. This I like
well in thee: for this know-
ledge of thine infirmity, may
bring thee to look for remedy:
and by degrees to find recove-
ry. Ioyne then with mee; and
offer up thy prayer to the
Throne of grace, that He in his
mercy would looke upon thee.

Gracious God, though I bee altogether unworthy to lift up mine eyes unto heaven, or to offer up my prayers unto thee, much lesse to be heard by thee: yet for his merits and mercies sake, who sitteth at thy right hand, and maketh intercession for me, reserve a place in thine heavenly Kingdome for mee. Deare Lord, in thine House are many Mansions; O

bring

bring me thither, that I may joyne my voyce with those voyces of the Angels, and sing prayses to thee, who sitteſt in the higheſt Heavens for ever.

CHAP. 70.

With the Remembrance of theſe, Hee becomes afflicted in Spirit.

BUt yet I find my ſoule like *dry ground*, where no *water* is! whereſoever I turne mee, I find affliction and miſery, on all ſides encompaſſing mee. O what ſhall I doe; where ſhall I fly to? For behold, while I take my ſelfe aſide from the world, into ſome *with-drawing roome*, purpoſely to forget the world, and prepare my ſelfe for the joyes of

of a better life: while, I say, I beginne to commune with my owne thoughts in the secret Chamber of mine heart; I become so affrighted with the representment of those *foure last Remembrances*, as I wholly forget what I intended to speake: my tongue beginnes to cleave to the roofe of my mouth; my spatle is dryed within mee; those active faculties of my soule leave mee: and mine understanding departeth from mee. O *Death*, Death! How *bitter* is the *remembrance* of thee? O how mee thinkes, thou summons mee; and like a surly Guest, breakest in upon mee; nay, uninvited, resolvest to lodge with mee! And presently I feele my selfe wounded; and so mortally as not to be cured. O how my divine eye-sight now darkneth

neth; my painting breaſt beateth; my hoarſe throat rutleth; how my teeth by little and little grow black, and draw to them a kind of ruſt; how my countenance growes pale, and all my members ſtiffe; how every ſenſe and faculty failes: how my waſted body threatneth a ſpeedy diſſolution! yet deſires my poore ſoule to bee a Gueſt, ſtill though there be cold comfort to bee found in ſuch a forlorne Inne! but what are all theſe terrors of *Death* to that fearefull day of *Iudgement*, when at the *ſound* of the *Trumpe* all *fleſh* ſhall riſe! where none may be exempted, but all judged! O me! *Death* is nothing unto this. For what compariſon betwixt a *Death* temporall and eternall? And ſuch ſhall be the ſentence of every *Reprobate*, amongſt which

Dam. de Hora mort.

which I the chiefe. O how terrible will that great Iudge appeare to such as in this life would neither be allured by his *promises*, nor awakened with his *judgements*? O how dolefully will that voyce sound in their eare. *Depart from me, I know you not!* And how ready will that officious Iaylor bee upon the delivery of this heavie sentence, to hale them to *utter darkenesse*; a place of endlesse torments: where the cursings and howlings of Fiends and Furies shall entertaine their melodious eare; ougly and hideous sights shall entertaine their lascivious eye; loathsome stenches their delicious smell; sulphur and brimstone their luscious taste; graspings and embracings of snakes, their amorous touch; Anguish and horror every sense! when those

those miserable damned soules shall be tormented, both in their flesh and spirit. In their *flesh* by *fire* ever burning and never decaying: and in their *spirit* by the *worme* of *Conscience* ever gnawing and never dying! where there shall bee griefe intolerable, feare horrible, filth incomparable; death both of soule and body, without hope of pardon or mercy. *Bern. Med.* 3.

And now to cloze with the last; the losse whereof exceeds our sufferings in all the rest. O to consider how I, unhappy I, have not onely got *Hell*, the Lake of horror and misery: but lost *Heaven*, the place of endlesse joy and felicity: O what heart can consider it, and not resolve it selfe into a Sea of teares, in contemplation of it? For what may the wretched soule thinke, when she lifteth up

up the beames of her mind, and beholdeth the glory of those immortall riches; and withall considereth, how shee has lost all those for the poverty of this life; O how can shee bee lesse then confounded with anguish; how can shee doe lesse then rore forth in the affliction of her Spirit? Againe, when shee shall cast her eyes below her, and take a full view of the vale of this world, and perceive how it was but as a mist, and presently looking above her, admires the beauty of that eternall light, shee presently concludeth, that it was nothing else but night and darkenesse which shee here loved. O how shee fainteth, faltereth and fruitlesly desireth, that shee might but have some small remainder of time allotted her; what a sharpe course; what a severe

ſevere manner of converſation would ſhee take upon her? what and how great promiſes would be made by her? with what ſtrict bonds of devotion would ſhee ſeemingly tye her? But this muſt not bee granted her; as ſhee had her full of pleaſures here, ſo muſt ſhee now bee tormented for ever. O how my *Spirit* with the *remembrance* of theſe becomes afflicted! O who will heale mee, for I am wounded.

O my gracious and deare Lord out of thy boundleſſe compaſſion, looke upon my grievous affliction, Keepe not ſilence at my teares, for I am a ſtranger with thee and a ſojourner as all my Fathers. I have none to fly unto but thee; and ſo highly have I provoked thee; that unleſſe thou take pitty on mee, and receive mee for his blood, which was ſhed for mee, Pſal. 39. 12.

mee, I am loſt eternally. O my good Shepherd, call mee, thy loſt ſheepe, home; for loſt I am, unleſſe thou call me: loſt for ever, unleſſe thou ſave mee.

Chap. 71.

Faith appeares unto him with a cheerefull preſence; affording him comfort in his affliction.

BEing thus afflicted inwardly and outwardly, Faith appeared to mee; but alas, ſo much was I dejected, that although I might have been moved to admiration with her goodly preſence: and encouraged with her affable countenance: I ſtood ſtill perplexed, being ſo farre from comfort as I ſcarcely expected it. Which

Faith

Faith well perceiving, shee drew neare mee, and pulling mee to her, with a *presence* no lesse *graceſull* then cheerfull; thus encounter'd mee.

"How now Pilgrim, have "you seene so many dayes, and "those so full of misery; and "and can you find ought here "where you have liv'd so "long, and found so small com-"fort, that may deserve your "teares? Is the world, this "empty Sponge, growne so "neare to your heart; as it has "power to draw teares from "your eyes? Tell mee the "ground of your griefe! Doe "you sorrow becauſe Old-age "comes upon you, and you "can live no longer: or if you "should live, you cannot en-"joy that fulneſse of youthfull "pleasure which you formerly "tasted? or are you unwil-

"ling to forgoe your poſſeſſi-
"ons; to take a long leave of
"your friends; or to be ſtript
"of thoſe goodly honours,
"which you here enjoyed?
"No, I hope you are wiſer
"then to become ſo fooliſh a
"Mourner. What is it then
"that has thus violently
"wrought upon your reaſon:
"and brought your diſordered
"thoughts unto this diſtracti-
"on? Surely, it muſt bee of
"ſome importance that has
"brought you into this diſ-
"conſolate anguiſh. But this I
"perceive to be a diſtemper of
"your mind: and it ſhall bee
"our principall care; upon
"diſcovery of your wound,
"to apply a ſpeedy cure. Goe
"to then, diſcloſe your griefe
"freely; and believe her, who
"hates nothing more then
"*breach* of *faith*, that upon
"your

" your imparting of it, you " ſhall receive this friendly of- " fice from mee; either to cure " it or allay it. Herewith I be- came ſo encouraged, as I made a free diſcovery of the grounds of my affliction; which ſhee tooke ſo well at mine hands, as preſently cauſing me to ſit by her, ſhee begunne to comfort me in this manner. " You have " done wel in this diſcovery of " your grief. Wounds cannot be " cured, before they be opened. " Neither doe wee feare but by " miniſtring ſome fitting pre- " ſcriptions, our endevours wil " bring forth that good effect, " as you ſhall find great eaſe in " your afflictions. You tell me, " how the *Remembrance* of " your *end* is very terrible to " you: not ſo much in regard of " your fear of *Death:* as of that " fearfull day of *Iudgement* after

"*Death.* For you find in your "selfe, such an infinite and un- "supportable weight of grie- "vous sinnes pressing down- "your soule even to the gates "of Hell, as lesse then grieve "you cannot; else were you "insensible of the losse of a "soule. Trust mee, Pilgrime "so farre am I from sorrowing "with you, as I rejoyce in your "sorrowing: For this sense "of your sinnes brings you to "seeke for cure: which had "they not afflicted you, and "and broughtyou even to the "pit-brinke, had beene the least "of your care. It is well then "for you that you are affli- "cted: for else you might "have gloried and fatned "your selfe in your sinnes, and "so eternally perished. Bee "then of good comfort: and "suffer not *Cains* desperate

"con-

" concluſion to have any poſ-
" ſeſſion in you : For I muſt
" tell you, hee ſinned more in
" ſaying, *Greater is my ſinne then*
" *can be pardoned*; then in mur-
" dering his Brother : For as
" in the one, hee lay violent
" hand on the Image of God ;
" So in the other hee detracted
" from the higheſt and deareſt
" prerogative belonging to
" God : for there is no attri-
" bute wherewith hee is more
" delighted, then to be ſtyled
" a *God of mercy*. We may ſafe-
" ly then conclude : That *deſ-*
" *paire* is of a more high and
" hainous nature then any ſin.
" For tell me, has not God him-
" ſelfe with his owne mouth
" promiſed, and is he not both
" able and willing to performe
" what hee hath promiſed ?
" That, *At what time ſoever a*
" *ſinner doth repent him of his ſin* Ezek. 18.

Ezek. 18.

" *from the botome of his heart*, hee
" *will put away all his wickednesse*
" *out of his remembrance* Though
" late repentance then bee sel-
" dom true, yet true repentance
" never commeth too late. The
" good Thiefe had no sooner
" repented him of his sin, and
" confessed Christ, then he was
" even at the last hour received
" to mercy: which example, as
" it admits no such liberty as to
" encourage any to *presume*, see-
" ing there was but one: nor
" to throw downe any into
" *despaire*; seeing there was
" one. Indeed there is no-
" thing that endangers mans
" salvation more then by gi-
" ving way to *delay*: yet when
" the sorrowfull soule heartily
" repents him of what is past,
" and with a constant religious
" resolve intends to redeeme
" the time to come; his pious

teares

" teares, devout prayers, holy
" reſolves will find ready ad-
" mittance to the Throne of
" Grace. For as his *mercy* is
" above all his *Workes*, ſo will
" hee ſhew it moſt on that
" worke which ſtands in moſt
" need of his mercy. This I am
" ſure your long experience not
" onely obſerved but plente-
" ouſly taſted, for elſe have
" theſe yeares of your Pilgri-
" mage beene ill beſtowed;
" that hee is *gracious*, *merciful*,
" and long *ſuffering*. Nay, that
" it has been evermore the pro-
" perty of this good and care-
" full Shepherd, to call home
" thoſe that were wandring,
" invite thoſe that were with-
" ſtanding, expect thoſe that
" were fore-ſlowing, & to em-
" brace thoſe that were retur-
" ning. Nay, that it has bin ever
" the condition of this valiant

" *Iosuah*, to exhort you to
" fight, and so to helpe you
" that you might become Con-
" queror in that fight. In one
" word, it has beene ever his
" care to behold you when you
" were in the Battaile fight-
" ing, to encourage you when
" you were failing, and
" crowne you when you were
" vanquishing. Come then tell
" mee, are you wearied and so
" heavy laden, that you must
" faint by the way, if you bee
" not refreshed? Behold, how
" hee has invited you to come
" unto him, where you may
" receive refreshment and
" comfort from him! Bee not
1 Iam. 5. " then *wavering* in the *Faith*,
" but take fast hold of his pro-
" mises who will not faile
" you: and relye on his mer-
" cies, which in your greatest
" straits will deliver you. Bee

" *faith-*

"*faithful* then unto the end, and "he wil give your hearts desire.

This Ladies exhortation afforded mee much comfort in this my affliction; but much more when I knew who shee was: for I had heard much of her, though I was never till then well acquainted with her. For so soone as I heard her name, I began to be very confident, that whatsoever shee spake came from good ground. Nay, I understood how no action, were it never so good in its owne nature, could subsist or become really good without her. How she was the groundworke of all vertues; the pure Fountaine and firme foundation of all divine graces. How no fruits were they never so pleasant to the eye, nor savoury to the taste, but they were *Sodoms* apples, unlesse they received growth

Hab.2.4.

Rom.3.28

grouth and ripeneſſe from her. How every *faithfull ſoule* lived by her: how every one became *juſtified* by her: good reaſon then had I to rely on her, and to derive comfort from her.

Having in this manner with her ſweet inſtructions refreſhed mee, promiſing mee with all, that even in mine Agonies of death ſhe would be near me, if now in theſe few but evill dayes of my Pilgrimage, ſhee were not diſcarded by mee: which I vowed never to doe ſo long as there was breath in my body; ſhee ſuddenly vaniſhed from me; which did not a little perplexe me: for never tooke poore afflicted ſoul more joy in any ones company.

Mar.14.31.

O my deare and benigne Ieſu, how juſtly mighteſt thou have reproved

proved mee, with—*O thou of little faith! O it is but a little one; the leaſt ſeed in the Garden*; O increaſe *this my* faith! *O pray to thy Father that my* faith *faile not! So ſhall my* heart *bee* purified *by* faith. *So ſhall I become* juſtified *by* faith. *So ſhall I have* acceſſe *to thee by* faith; *and hereafter live with thee and thy* faithfull *ones in the inheritance of the juſt.*

Luke 17. 6. v. 5. Luke 12. 32. Act. 5. 9. Rom. 3. 28. c. 5. 2.

CHAP. 72.

Hope ſeconds that comfort.

WHo is hee that knoweth not how ſoone *Faith* begins to decline and grow out of requeſt in the heart of a worldling? This I found true by mine own experience: for albeit, that comfortable

fortable assurance of *Faith* might seeme to have removed from me all occasions of feare: and had so well strengthned mee, as those infirmities wherof I formerly laboured, were to the outward eye wholly cured in mee: yet remained there still some *core* at mine heart. I found it was not so well with mee as it should be. Me thought day and night that terrible voyce of *Behold the man and his workes!* ever sounded in mine eare. For I considered, how as God was *mercifull*, so hee was *just*. Neither did it stand with Gods *Iustice*, to pronounce any other *sentence* upon mee then as my sinnes deserv'd. What then could I expect, but to be throwne downe into that bottomlesse pit, where nothing but *woe*, *woe* in every place resounded: horror and confusion

dwelled

dwelled ? Thus fared it with mee, as with one newly recovered out of some dangerous sickneſſe, and after his recovery, by reason of some distemper makes relapſe into his former malady. But I found, how when mans helpe faileth, Gods beginneth : And that mans extremity was Gods opportunity. So gracious is the Lord to thoſe that feare him : yea, to all ſuch as with an humble and contrite heart returne unto him. For behold how light appeared out of darkeneſſe ! One day as I ſtood thus perplexed, weary of life, yet fearefull to dye, there appeared, mee thought, before me a woman of a beautifull and cheerfull countenance ; bearing an *Anchor* upon her ſhoulder : who drawing towards me, preſently demanded of mee how it was with

with me? But as one desirous to have none to share with mee in the burden of my affliction: nor to partake of any comfort, so strangely had my folly given way to temptation: as I turned uncivilly my face from her: but of so sweet and well-composed a spirit seemed this Lady, as all this nothing amated her: and the better to bring mee to a feeling of mine owne infirmity, addressed her discourse in this manner unto me.

"Goe to sir! you must not "have your owne will in this "sort: A froward Patient re- "quires a rough hand, and a re- "solute heart. But I will shew "my selfe more courteous to "you. I am not ignorant of "of your disease; and much "relyes your malady on my "cure. Doubt nothing of your "recovery, so you will but in-

genuously

" genuouſly diſcover your in-
" firmity. Neither am I alto-
" gether unacquainted with
" my ſiſter *Faiths* late viſit of
" you: whoſe ſound cordiall
" comforts might have
" wrought ſuch effect in you,
" as you ſhould have leſſe nee-
" ded any other receipts, had
" you diſcreetly applyed what
" was ſo ſeaſonably, and ſove-
" raignly miniſtred. But before
" I beginne with you; let mee
" ſo farre prevaile with you, as
" to remove from your too
" much dejected and depreſſed
" ſpirit, all thoſe unbeſeeming
" thoughts which perplexe
" your quiet: Bee not ſuch an
" enemy to your ſelfe, as to re-
" ject that, which may rectifie
" your ſtate: And of ſick; may
" make you whole: and of a
" faint-hearted ſouldier, a cou-
" ragious Warrier. And now
to

" to prepare you the better for
" this ſpirituall encounter :
" my firſt Aſſay muſt be, to re-
" move thoſe *skales* from your
" eyes, which by long conti-
" nuance, are growne ſo thick,
" as they keepe you from
" knowing us.

This ſaid, ſhee infuſed a ſmal quantity of a precious kind o liquor into my dusky and dro ry eyes: which infuſed, thoſe very *skales*, which formerly troubled my ſight, became re moved: ſo as, I perceive who it was that miniſtred unto mee: and by little and little be came ſo ſtrengthned, as I wa confident of recovery. Ha ving found mee in this ſort little cheered; as one deſirou to perfect what ſhe had begun to make mee more hopefull o her cure, ſhee acquainted mee with the quality of her power.

" How

"How now, ſaid ſhee, *I*
"cannot be perſwaded but you
"muſt now of neceſſity know
"mee? Though I have beene
"long time a ſtranger to you;
"let us now renue our ac-
"quaintance; believe it, it ſhall
"not repent you: for I never
"yet lodged in that Inne,
"which held mee not a wel-
"come Gueſt. Many before
"this time had untimely pe-
"riſhed, had they not by mee
"beene ſeaſonably ſupported.
"By land and water have I
"offered my ſelfe a friendly
"companion: and firmly ſtuck
"I to them who relyed on me,
"in time of greateſt danger
"or oppoſition. And when no
"ſemblance of delivery appea-
"red: no *hope* of liberty ap-
"proached: We with this
"*Anchor* brought them to the
"haven ſafely: plantiug them
"ſo

"so securely, as no perill could
"interpose their security.
"And now tell me, is our
"strength so weakned, as wee
"cannot performe what wee
"formerly so happily effected;
"No, we are the same; so wee
"find the same Spirit in those
"to whom we apply our cure;
"which to accompliſh ſhall be
"our principall care. Take
"then for an *Helmet*, the *hope* of
"*ſalvation*: Looke for the
"*bleſſed hope*. Let thy *fleſh* reſt
"in *hope*. Be yee of *good cou-*
"*rage*--all yee that *hope*. For
"I muſt tell you, *hope deferred*
"maketh the *heart ſick*: but
"the *righteous* hath *hope* in his
"*death*. For so well and surely
"is her foundation grounded,
"as *hope* maketh not *aſhamed*.
"*Rejoyce* then in *hope*: be *pati-*
"*ent* in tribulation. So ſhall
"the God of *hope* fill you with
"all

1 Theſ. 5. 8
Tit. 2. 13.
Pſal. 16. 9.
31. 24.
Prov. 13.
11. 14. 32.
Rom. 5. 5.
Rom. 12.
12. 15. 13.
8. 24.

"all joy. To which fulneſſe "I recommend you.

This ſaid, ſhe retired, but my *Hope* became much ſtrengthned. For having ſometimes heard, how *Hope* that is *ſeene*, is not *Hope*: Though I did not ſee her, yet was I comforted by her: for her ſweet and comfortable advice had ſo cheered me; as with that patterne of patience, (and that with great vehemence) I cryed forth in this manner; through the *hope* and aſſurance which I had in my deare Saviour: *I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that with theſe eyes I ſhall ſee him.*

And now I begun to wonder at mine owne weakneſſe; how I could ſo much as have the leaſt diſtruſt or diffidence in Gods goodneſſe: how I could ſuffer my ſpirit to bē ſo uncomfortably

fortably drenched and drowned in the depth of misery: having so free *accesse* to the Throne of mercy. Againe, how in this surging Sea of affliction; where every worldly wave threatneth ruine: I durst presume to play the *Mariner*, and saile without mine *Ancher*. Finding then so soveraigne a cure for my care: Such sweet solace to mine anguish: so present a repreve against death: so fit a receipt to my griefe, I thought good to returne to the Lord with my whole heart; returning thanks unto him from whom commeth my helpe, and on whose gracious compassion have I grounded mine *hope*. My morning and evening Incense have I therefore resolved to offer: that in an acceptable time hee would be pleased to receive my

my prayer: teaching me how to suffer, and by suffering to conquer: and conquering, to render to the Lord of Hosts all honour.

O my mercifull Lord God, who bindest up the wounds of every contrite and truly penitent Sinner: suffering him not to bee tempted more then hee can beare: but of the abundance of thy compassion, giveſt him an iſſue out of his temptation: Make mee ever with a religious feare ſo to put my truſt in thy mercy: as I may never be ſwallowed up of my miſery. And ſeeing, wee are ſaved by hope: *give unto mee ſuch a* ſaving hope, *as neither too much confidence may make me preſume: nor the too perplexing conſideration of my many ſinnes bring mee to a deſpaire of pardon. Bee neare mee, deare Lord, in the houre of my*

Rom. 8. 24.

my visitation: let the enemy have no power over mee: but so shadow mee under the wings of thy mercy; that the remembrance of thy judgements *may rouse mee sleeping; the memory of thy* mercies *raise mee waking; to render praise unto thee, as my* hope *is in thee, my* helpe *from thee, O Lord everlasting.*

CHAP. 73.

Charity promiseth him in this vaile of misery, to cover all his scarlet sinnes with the white roab of mercy; and by keeping her company, conduct him safely to the kingdome of glory.

BVt our daily experience confirms this to be so true, as

as nothing can bee truer: A Worldlings mind is apter to be transported with the light gailes of *presumption*: then to be over-poized with any weights of a contrary nature. Man becomes so apprehensive of the sweet promises of comfort, as hee not onely forgets his former unhappy condition, but even himselfe. So subject is hee to surfet of that, which was only given him to allay his discontent: and to retaine in him a thankfulnesse to him from whose beauty he received that benefit. This it seemes, *Charity* feared much would befall mee: So as one day with a comely, affable and gracefull presence, me thought, shee appeared unto me: not so much to increase my comfort, as to prepare my mind rightly to use it. For she found me sub-

ject to no such dis-consolate humour, but refreshed with joy above measure; which to attemper, shee begun to impart her mind unto mee after this manner.

"It joyes mee much, good "Pilgrim, to see you thus "brought from death to life. "But it were well for you so "to moderate these comforts "which you have received: as "not to lose your selfe, lest you "might deprive your selfe of "the benefit of this comfort. "You may doe well then here-"in to imitate the *Fly*, which "putteth not her feet into the "great Masse of honey, but only "taketh with her tongue so "much thereof as serveth her "turne and no more, lest by do-"ing otherwise, she might re-"maine taken and drowned "therein. Too much honey

cloyeth

"cloyeth: and too much of
"comfort drowneth. Mode-
"rate then these, as you tender
"your invvard peace. Time
"has beene vvhen the very least
"beameling of these comforts
"which now so plentuously
"reflect on you, would have
"infinitly refreshed you: for
"your spirit was wounded
"within you: present de-
"lights and future hopes had
"wholly estranged themselves
"from you. Stand then in feare,
"lest by abuse of these, some
"worser thing befall you.
"Many, by being unhappy
"have become happy: but very
"few have attained true hap-
"pinesse, by being in this
"world ever happy. Now
"then, as my sister *Faith* has
"in these spirituall comforts
"grounded you: And my
"younger sister *Hope* has in

"theſe confirmed you: So ſhall
"it be my care, who am their
"poore contemptible ſiſter,
"to prepare you for them, as
"they have prepared them for
"you: that ſuch choyce re-
"ceipts may be applyed to that
"end for which they were mi-
"niſtred: and your comforts
"ſuch, as the iſſue of them
"may not be repented.

After this diſcourſe of hers, I deſired much to know her name: for being, as ſhee profeſſed, ſiſter to thoſe two Ladies, from whoſe advice I had received ſo great comfort: I wondred much at her Habit: for though her preſence were comely, her countenance lovely, her behaviour ſweetned with a well-beſeeming modeſty; yet her apparell was but meane. Which ſhe obſerving, with a quick delivery and compoſed

poſed gravity, ſhee thus anſwered mee.

"You muſt not gather by my "*Habit* what I am. For I "weare the worlds livery; "ſuch as ſhee is pleaſed to be-"ſtow upon mee; with no-"leſſe content, then ſhee "throwes it on me with con-"tempt. For many yeares to-"gether have I beene the Rich-"mans *Almoner*: yet never to "this houre did I increaſe my "ſtore: for all the ſervice I "did him, I required no other "wages of him, but to take "his poore Hand-maids coun-"ſell, which was: To make "himſelfe happy with his-"owne. But alas, I found *Si-"monides* ſaying too true! The "vertuous did more frequent "the doores of the rich, then "then the rich of the vertuous. "The poore were vertuous,

"and repaired to the doores of "the rich: but the rich were "vicious, and would not open "their doores to the poore. "I obſerved how vertue was "accounted ſuch a treaſure, as "'twas held more fitting to be "out of the world then in it: "whereas riches held that re-"putation amongſt men: as "men were held of no reputa-"tion without it. But you de-"ſire to know my name; and "you ſhall have it: but I pray "you doe not imitate the fa-"ſhion of this preſent world, "by loving one worſe when "you hear it. Neither am I a fit-"ting Conſort for you, unleſſe "my two Siſters have wrought "ſome good effect on you. For "*charity* is *cold*; and ſuch Com-"panions are not eaſily enter-"tained: nor ſuch Gueſts "kindly received; where the

"one

"one bids us *give* that we may "*receive*: the other bids us "*give* all that we *have*: and "when all that wee *have* is *gi-* "*ven*, to expect our reward in "heauen. But this *sowing* of "*bread* upon the *water*, is of "too hard digestion to a fool- "lish worldling: and yet it "must be *sowne* upon the *wa-* "*ter*, or your *harvest* is lost for "ever. Let mee then second, "what my deare Sisters have "proposed: as your discom- "forts were by them not onely "allayed; but with assurance "in Gods promises confir- "med: So heare what *charity*, "the Worldlings out-cast, will "doe unto you; to make you "perfect throughout for Him "who will receive you. I "have never yet beene known "to bee more ready to *promise* "then *performe*. Yet shall the

"promiſe which I make unto
"you, bee of infinite conſe-
"quence: for it ſhall make
"you eternally happy in the
"performance. You are here
"planted in a *vaile* of *miſery*,
"where I promiſe to cover all
"your *ſcarlet ſinnes* with the
"*white roabe* of *mercy*. Nay,
"I will yet goe a little farther
"to conferre on your peacefull
"progreſſe the higher honour:
"If you will deaine to leave
"the world, and receive mee
"who am deſpiſed of the
"world: If you will, I ſay,
"leave her ſociety, and bid adue
"to her blooms of vanity: by
"keeping mee company, I
"ſhall conduct you ſafely to the
"Kingdome of glory.
"Now let it be the leaſt of your
"feare, that I promiſe above
"my power. For as my ſiſters
"imparted their love unto
"you

" you, in cheering, comforting,
" and confirming you: So shall
" you find no lesse alacrity in
" mee, in perfecting what they
" have so happily begunne in
" you. For I must tell you,
" (neither would I have you
" thinke that this proceedeth
" from any *vaine glory*, being
" that which could never chal-
" lenge the least affinity with
" true *charity*) that though my
" sisters may seeme to have
" priority in list and number, yet
" am I to challenge preceden-
" cy in respect of dignity and
" order. This that vessell of
" Election confirmed when he
" said: *Now abideth faith, hope,* 1 Cor. 53.
" *charity, these three, but the* 13.
" *greatest of these is charity.*
" Neither shall you need to re-
" ceive any other description
" for the portraiture of my
" feature, or quality of my na-

" ture, then what that glorious
" Champion hath already re-
" turned to you. For tell mee,
" have you desire to bee infor-
" med in what most concerns
" you; to bee edified in what
" most imports you? It is not
" *knowledge* but *charity* that
" must worke this good effect
" in you. For, *knowledge puffes*
1 Cor. 8. 1. " *up, but charity edifieth.* Or
" would you bee perswasive in
" Oratory; or powerfull in
" prophesy; or an usefull Alm-
" ner for your soules safety?
" you must necessarily bee ac-
" companied by *Charity*; or
v. 1. " you are but as *sounding brasse*,
" or a *tinkling Cymbal*. Your
" power to remove *mountaines*
" shall not remove in you the
" least Mole-hill of your sinne.
" Your bestowing all your
" goods to feed the poore,
" shall not make your soule
rich

"rich: these cannot profit you,
"if *charity* doe not accompany
"you. Seeing then the *tongues*
"of men and angels are but
"*tinklings* and very *sounds*
"without *charity*; *knowledge*
"becomes fruitlesse without
"the edifying helpe of *charity*;
"*propheſies*, bee they never ſo
"myſterious; *Sciences*, bee
"they in their owne nature ne-
"ver ſo commodious, are alto-
"gether unprofitable without
"*charity*: a *Let all your things be*
"*done with charity.* b *Follow af-*
"*ter charity,* c *Above all things*
"*put on charity.* d *Above all*
"*things have fervent charity: for*
"*charity ſhall cover the multi-*
"*tude of ſinnes.* e *Adde to*
"*godlineſſe, brotherly kindneſſe;*
"*and to brotherly kindneſſe, cha-*
"*rity.* For, *the end of the com-*
"*mandement* is *charity*: And
"now, ſeeing I have here given
"you

a 1 Cor. 16 14.
b 14. 1.
c Col. 3. 14
d 1 Pet. 4. 8.
e 2 Pet. 1. 7

"you a full draught of *charity*:
"by a due examination of your
"ſelfe, you ſhal eaſily find whe-
"ther ſhe be in your heart or
"no: For by theſe divine effects
"you ſhall find her to be yours,
f 1 Cor. 13.4. "and ſhe poſſeſſed of yours f:
"*charity ſuffreth long & is kind,*
"*envies not: charity vaunteth not*
"*it ſelfe, is not puffed up.* You ſhal
"likewiſe know even by your
"*outward behaviour*, whether
"or no you have received
"*charity*, or given her harbour:
g v. 5. "for *Charity* g *doth not be-*
"*have it ſelfe unſeemly, ſeeketh*
"*not her owne, is not eaſily pro-*
"*voked, thinketh no evill.* You
"ſhall perceive likewiſe by the
"very *joy* of your heart, whe-
"ther *charity* have taken up
"there her lodging. For ſhee
h v. 6. "h *Rejoyceth not in iniquity, but*
"*rejoyceth in the truth.* Laſtly,
"you ſhall gather by your *con-*
"*ſtancy*

"*ſtancy*', whether or no you "hold correſpõdency with per- "fect *charity*: For *charity* i *never* "*faileth*. Well may I then con- "clude with that glorious light "of the Eaſtern Church, where "*charity* is preſent, no good "thing can be abſent: wher *cha-* "*rity* is abſent, no good thing "can be preſent. Againe; There "is not any thing, be it never ſo "little, but being done in *chari-* "*ty*, it is eſteemed for great: "And there is nothing bee it "never ſo great, but being "done without *charity*, it is ac- "counted little: To cloze then "all in one, ſeeing *Charity* is "one in all: Wee ſee how all "ſigne themſelves with the "ſigne of the Croſſe, how all "anſwer Amen, all ſing *Alle-* "*luia*, all are baptiſed, all obey "the commands of their Mo- "ther, the Church: yet are not the

i v. 8.

Aug.

Ib.

Vide Aug.

"the children of God discer-
"ned from the children of the
"Devill but by *Charity*.

"If then you desire to live,
"learne to love: you are now
"in your *Iourney* towards your
"*Countrey*, keepe me but *com-*
"*pany*, and I shall safely con-
"duct you to a *City*, where
"there raigneth perfect *Cha-*
"*rity*.

It is not to be expreſt what infinite content I tooke in the ſweet diſcourſe of this divine Conſort. For me thought I felt a ſervorous heat or glowing within me. So as I deſired nothing more then to reteine her ſtill in my company. But having told me that ſhee had many places to goe to: and that in her abſence I might find occaſions in every place to remember her: for I could not poſſibly give the leaſt entertain-

tainment to my afflicted Brother, but I might become her Remembrancer: which I ſhould not feare to ſee plenteouſly rewarded hereafter: with a longing eye after her, I tooke my leave of her. Deſiring no greater ſolace, then to beſtow the ſmall remainder of my time in her ſervice: and reſolving in all humble manner, ever from that time to become her faithfull Almner.

Deare Father, thou who art perfect Charity; *purifie my heart throughout, that I may prepare a roome therein fitting to entertaine thee. Though* Charity *grow cold in the world, let my deſires become ſo wained from this preſent world, that my* Charity *may witneſſe for me, that I am preparing for an other world. Give me a liberall heare; that freely communi-*

municating to the neceſſity of thy Saints, and conſtantly relying on thy promiſes, through a firme Faith *and* Hope *repoſed in thee, I may at laſt come unto thee; and of a poore Pilgrim become an happy Citizen in thy Kingdome; there to ſing* Alleluia *amongſt thoſe glorious Saints for evermore.*

CHAP. 74.

He takes comfort; And now wearied with ſojourning longer in Idumæa, *he turns to Canaan.*

SO ineffably ſweet were theſe comforts which I taſted; and ſo plenteouſly flowing were thoſe Fountaines from whence they were derived; as I gathered thence, if there

there were ſuch comforts in the day of *mourning?* what would there bee in the day of *rejoycing?* If ſuch ſpirituall delights preſented themſelves in a *Priſon*; what incomparable pleaſures might be expected in a *Pallace?* If ſuch joyes in the dayes of our captivity, what may be looked for in that day of Iubilee? In the conſideration whereof; never did chaſed *Hart* long more thirſtily after the *Water-brookes*, then my poore wearied ſpirit did after her heavenly *Bethesda*. O how ſhrilly mee thought, did the cryes of the Saints under the Altar ſound in mine eare? *O how long Lord! How long!* O how long ſhall I ſojourne in this Pilgrimage of *cares*; this *valley* of *teares*; and become eſtranged from that *Inheritance* of *laſting joyes*; the only ſight whereof

whereof ſhall make me happy; and from this Wilderneſſe of ſinne bring me to the Sinah of glory? Woe is me, my Light, my Love, my Dove, my onely one, for that I have dwelled with the inhabitants of *Cedar!* Woe is mee, my King and my God, that my habitation is prolonged! For if holy *David*, *David*, a man according to Gods owne heart, ſometimes ſaid, how much more may I unhappy one ſay, *My ſoule hath beene too long an inhabitant?* Long, and all too long have I ſung, becauſe I was unſenſible of my ſinne, my own countrey *ſongs* by thoſe waters of Babylon. Well therefore may I ſay, Pſal. 119. 71. *It was good for mee that I have beene afflicted; that I might learne thy ſtatutes.* O my Lord, hadſt thou never afflicted mee; I had never ſought to know thee:

thee. Hence is it that I know thee, becauſe thou haſt afflicted mee. And now *my ſoule melteth for heavineſſe*, not for that thou haſt afflicted mee: but for that ſhee has beene ſo long divided from thee. I know Lord, I know, how hee who never mourned while hee was a *Pilgrim*, ſhall never rejoyce when hee comes to bee a *Citizen*. And as to abide for ever, if wee would we might not: ſo rejoyce here and hereafter, though we would, wee may not. It is a great argument that hee loves not his Countrey; who without occaſion foreſlowes his returne into his Countrey; or takes any delight in any place before he returne unto his Countrey. Alas, I muſt confeſſe, I have longed too much after the Onions and Garlicke, and Fleſh-pots of Egypt

v. 28.

With shreeks I entired, and in toyle I lived. With griefs gripes. groanes, am I of life deprived.

Egypt: but now with gushing eyes doe I returne unto thee, O receive mee! I have protested (and O strengthen so religious a protest with thy Spirit) never to take any more delight in *Idumæa*. I have suffered too much in it and by it, to be now any more taken or delighted with it. And now after my loathing of these puddles of vanity, I have longed after those ever-running streames of eternity. O how hath my soule thirsted after thee; how greatly hath my flesh longed for thee? my soule hath thirsted after thee, the living fountaine; O when shall I come and appeare before the face of the Lord? when wilt thou come, O my Comforter? For whom else shall I expect? O that I might see thee O my Ioy, which I desire! O then shall my soule be satis-

ſatisfied, when my glory ſhall appeare, for which I ſo long hungred! O then ſhall I bee made drunke with the fulneſſe of thine houſe, after which I have ſighed! O then wilt thou refreſh me with the Brooke of thy pleaſure, after which I have thirſted! In the meane time, let my teares become my bread day and night, untill ſuch time, as it be ſaid unto me; *behold thy God!* untill my ſoule heare, *behold thy Spouſe!* Meane while, thou heavenly Shepherd, feed me with my ſighes, refreſh me with my ſorrowes. My Redeemer will doubtleſly come, for hee is good: neither will hee fore-ſlow his comming, for hee is gracious: *To him be glory for evermore.*

O haſten thy comming for thine Elect ſake! Come Lord Ieſu, come quickly!

CHAP.

Chap. 75.

The poore penitent Pilgrims last Will and Testament.

IN the name of the *Father*, the *Sonne*, and *Holy Ghost*. *I S. M.* A poore penitent Pilgrim, found in body, and of perfect memory: yet being daily read in the Lecture of mans mortality: how all *Flesh* is *Grasse*, and the *beauty* thereof as the *Flower* of the field; which this day flourisheth, to morrow withereth: and that it is every Christians duty to *prepare* himselfe before *Death* come, lest it find him unprovided at such time as it shall come. Moved, I say, with these considerations, I have here made this my last Will and Testament as followeth.

First I bequeath my soule in-

to

to the hands of my gracious Redeemer, by whose most precious blood I was redeemed: and by whose merits and mercies (for my merits are his mercies) I hope to bee glorified. And forasmuch as there was no *safety* out of the *Arke*; nor no salvation now without the *pale* of the *Church*, figured by the *Arke*: and that the *tares* from the *wheat* must be severed: the *Sheepe* and the *Goats* must not into one *Fold* be gathered: HERE in the presence of God and his blessed Angels; for the discharge of mine owne conscience, and the satisfaction of others, who, perchance, have in their opinions been divided, doubting much how I in points of Religion stood affected; Doe I make a free and publike confession of my Faith: being that *Canon* by which him wee

we are knit unto her, and made *Members* of her.

I beleeve the *holy Catholike Church*, to be the *Communion* of the *Faithfull*, whereof I desire to live and dye a Member: for which to suffer I should account it an honour: holding this for a *Principle* ever; That none can have *God* for his *father*, that will not take his *Holy Spouse* the *Church* for his *Mother*. There is no Article in the Apostles Creed which I do not beleeve for Catholike and Orthodoxall, with the exposition thereof, and every Clause or Particle thereof in such manner, as it hath beene universally received by the holy Catholike Church, from the first four hundred years after Christ: and as it holds in consent or harmony with the Holy Scripture, the Christians Armour; by which

and

and the constant practise of piety, every faithfull Souldier of Christ Iesus may be enabled to pull downe those strong Holds of his spirituall enemy: and by possessing his soule in patience, obtaine a glorious victory. And as there have been at all times tares in Gods field; so is it more to be pitied then doubted, that there are many surreptitious errours crept into the bosome of the Church through the corruption of time, and our enemies malice: which though they ayme not at the *Corner-stone*, nor at the maine *foundation*, yet being but *stubble*, & no wayes conducing to so glorious a building, they are to bee accounted of that quality, as they blemish much her primitive beauty. These then being the fancies of humane braines, and introdu-

ced into the Church for private ends; and so continued rather by an imperious then just command, I hold them so farre from being effectuall to salvation, as they become scandalous to many tender consciences, and consequently deserve rather to be rejected then imbraced. But for the *Ornaments* of the Church, as shee is the *Kings Daughter*, so she should be comely: and for her *musicke* or *melody*; being his *Spouse*, it admits harmony: for so drowsie is mans zeale and affection, as hee stands in great need of something to stirre up his devotion. Likewise of those ancient and decent *Ceremonies* of the Church, being discreetly and not superstitiously used, I have ever reverently esteemed. Neither am I ignorant how disputation in argu-

ments

ments of controversall learning hath beene of late yeares in more request then care of blamelesse conversation and living; how indiscreet and impertinent reasoning has in many places brought that woefull effect, as it hath begot many irreparable rents in Christs seamelesse Coat: thus wounds left to the handling of unexpert hands became so farre from curing, as they grew more dangerously spreading, and desperately increasing then they were in the beginning, and before they came to handling. These Deficiences are with pious teares and devout prayers to be repaired, that men of learning may bee likewise men of living; being endowed with that zeale, as in all their arguments by way of private discourse or more publike op-

position, their sole ayme and desire may bee to propagate the Gospel, and in it the glory of God, with all singlenesse of mind, and that without singularity of judgement; being so free from all manner of ostentation, or the spirit of contradiction, as they may shun nothing more then popular applause, nor hold any thing more deare then the Churches peace. So as, to compose this breach, I never hold those in points of Religion to be fitting Disputants, who made it their onely ayme in a scholasticall manner to weave up their Arguments: but such moderate spirits, whose desires were rather to cleare mens consciences from inbred scruples, then broach new differences.

With all due reverence I esteeme of those two Sacraments;

craments ; *Baptisme* and the *Supper* of the Lord, as those two nursing brests of the Church : the one to clense and purifie us at our entring : the other to strengthen and sanctifie us living : and to glorifie our soules at their departing. As with mine *heart* I *beleeve* unto *righteousnesse*, so with my *Mouth* doe I *confesse* unto *salvation*. Neither, doe I professe my selfe such a *Soli-fidian*, as to hold *Faith* sufficient to salvation without *Workes*. Neither such a *Champion* for *good workes*, as to hold *works* effectuall without *Faith*. As *Faith* is the root, so are *works* the fruit. Nay, I hold these to have such necessary dependence one of th' other, as they are ever to go hand in hand together : Otherwise that fearefull curse which our blessed Saviour sometimes

pronounced upon the *barraine Fig-tree*, must be their censure. And now in this day of my *Change*, as in this confidence I have ever lived, so my trust is that in the same I shall dye: "That in the Resurrection of "my Saviour Christ Iesus is my "hope: and in his Ascension is "my glory. For, *I believe that my Redeemer liveth, and that with these eyes I shall see him.*

Thus have I rendred an account of my faith; the substance whereof as I have ever professed in my life: so I hope with all Christian constancy to continue the profession thereof even unto death. So as, though the assaults or temptations of the Devill, my spirituall enemy, whose practise hath beene ever by cruelty or subtilty to deprive man of his hope of glory, should with all fury assaile me,

yet

yet shall they never have power to prevaile against mee; for the Lord, who is my defence, will in mercy draw neare mee, and in that dying conflict give mee the victory. This then shall be my clozing "Resolve, I meane to continue "in the profession of that *Faith*, "now when I am old; wher- "in being a child I was borne. *Hier. ad Pammach. et Ocean de error. Orig.*

And having thus returned a due account of my Beliefe, I hold it very fitting not to neglect that laudable use of disposing that estate whereof God in his goodnesse and providence towards me, made mee here his Steward. It were good then for mee, that I remembred that message returned by *Isaiah* the sonne of *Amos* to *Hezekiah*: *Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live.* True it is, when 2 *Reg.* 20. 1

the *outward house* is orderly disposed, the *inward house* cannot chuse but bee better prepared. To remove then from mee the cares of this present world, that I may take a more willing adeiu of the world before I leave it, and so addresse my cares for a better world by waining my desires from it: for live hee cannot in the Land of the living, who prepares not himselfe for it before his arriving: my mind and will is, that my worldly substance bee disposed of in manner and forme following.

First, then after this vessell of Earth, this poore shell of corruption shall bee to earth committed, and as neare to the bones of mine Ancestors as the conveniencie of the place may permiti, nterred: and that my Funerall expences shall be discharged;

charged; in the performance of which Christian duty I approve of decency, but in no case too much solemnity; (which has too often drowned the remembrance of mortality in the lees of sensuality) after this, I say, my will is, that this small estate wherewith God hath blessed mee, shall be divided in equall parts or portions amongst my Children: that, as they are all equally mine, so they may bee equall sharers in mine: Of whom I will not propheſie that they will *dissipate* or scatter all I leave them: I have better hopes treasured in them. For the portions I leave them, though small yet competent, if they be contented: and more then I could wish them, if otherwise affected. A very little will suffice nature; enough I leave them,

if well employed : too much if abuſed. May Gods bleſſing and mine be ever with them in their improvement of it. And that I may crowne their hopes, and my houres with one bleſſing more : Bleſſed Spirit, by which every Paſſenger is ſafely conducted from this vale of miſery, to the Kingdome of glory, as theſe little ones are mine by *generation*, ſo may they be thine by *regeneration*, to whoſe gracious protection both now and ever I commit them.

Now I nominate and appoint for Surperviſors of this my laſt Will and Teſtament, my deare friends, *Agapetus & Eliorines*, if they ſhall bee then living at my death : whom I heartily deſire, for the loue they beare to goodneſſe, nay, for the love they bear to him, who

is

is the fountaine of all goodneſſe, and as I repoſe much truſt in them; to performe this my Will.

And now mee thinkes, all my worldly cares are drawne neare unto their period. Seeing then I am ſailing towards mine Harbour; Let mee ſtrike Anchor: that taking the wings of the Morning, I may fly to the boſome of my dear Redeemer. Go forth then my Soule, what feareſt thou? goe forth, why trembleſt thou? Thou haſt had enough of *Idumæa*; for what foundſt thou there but anguiſh? Now then turne thy face to the *Wall*, and thinke of the *Land* of *Promiſe*. Thou haſt but now a little time left thee: the remainder whereof is juſtly exacted by him that made thee. Sighes, ſobs, prayers, and teares are all the treaſures that are left thee: *Hieron.*

thee: and precious treaſures ſhall theſe be to thee, if preſented by *faith* to the Throne of mercy. The Enemy can never prevaile, where Chriſtian *feare* and conſtant *hope* poſſeſſe the Soule. Let thy *Deſire* then be *planted*, where thy *treaſure* is placed; and as one raviſhed with a ſpirituall fervour, cry out and ſpare not with that devout Father: *Hieron.* "Should my "Mother pull her haire, teare "her Clothes, lay forth "thoſe Breſts which nurſed "mee, and in this ſort hang a-"bout me; ſhould my Father lye "in the way to ſtoppe me, my "Wife and Children weepe "about mee; I would throw "off my Mother, neglect my "Father, contemne the lamen-"tation of my Wife and Chil-"dren, to meet my Saviour, "Chriſt Ieſus.

And

And leſſe then this, O my ſoule, thou canſt not doe; if thou calleſt to mind what thou leaveſt; to whom thou goeſt; and what thou haſt in exchange for that thou looſeſt. For what leaveſt thou here, but a world of mifery? To whom goeſt thou, but to a God of mercy. And what haſt thou in exchange but immortal glory, for a vile, fraile, and corruptible body? whatſoever thou hadſt here, was got with paine, kept with feare, and loſt with griefe: Whereas now thou art to poſſeſſe eternall riches without labouring; and to enjoy them without feare of loſing. *My heart* then *is ready*, my *heart is ready*; too long have I ſojourned here, in making me a ſtranger to my heavenly Country It is high time for mee then to diſ-

discamp: and to leave these tents of *Kedar*: that I may rest without labouring; rejoyce without sorrowing; and live without dying in the Celestiall *Thabor*. Say then with that vessell of Election, and thinke as thou sayest: *I desire to bee dissolved, and to be with Christ*. Even so Lord JESUS, come quickly.

* *
*

FINIS.

His Obsequies.

NOw, as yee have seen this *poor penitent Pilgrim* in *Idumæa* wandring, and with the *Prodigall Child*, happily returning, so Christian charity assures you that hee is now in *Canaan* arriving. Being, after so many tedious dayes and nights of misery, translated hence, by the irrevocable sentence of mortality. Let

pious

pious teares and prayers prevaile so farre with you, that as yee have taken a full view of the whole progresse of his life, so yee would performe a *Christian Office* in accompanying the solemn accomplishment of his *Obsequies* after death. Draw neare then unto his *Sepulcher*; and in it consider how yee are made of the very selfe same *Mould* and *Matter*: and must, as he has done, pay your *debt* to *nature*. Doe not like that *unfruitfull Spectator* or *formall Mourner*, who comming amongst others to see his *Friend* buried, and beholding dead mens skuls and bones peece-meale scattered,

Sitiens Sepulchrum repetit, ossa Sepultorum respicit, suspirans Sepultum deserit; quando autem in domum, fragilitatis humanæ Speculum meditando, tenderet, in tabernam descenderet ubi totam noctem, calicibus indulgendo, expenderet. Chrysol.

tered, with an eaſie ſigh thence departed. But when hee ſhould have gone home, to thinke of his laſt home, by meditating of that Memoriall of Death; he betooke him ſelfe to the Taverne, to drench and drinke downe thoſe *melancholly thoughts* in a deepe health.

Oh thinke from *whence* yee came, and be aſhamed; *Where* yee are, and be prepared, *whereto* yee goe (if unprepar'd) and ſtand amazed! from *Earth* was your beginning; on *Earth* is your Pilgrim being; but in *Hell* (without repentance) your perpetuall dwelling.

Dye then to Earth before

fore yee leave Earth, that leaving Earth, yee may live in heaven, the inheritance of the *Iust* upon Earth.

His

His Grave-ſtone.

HE, whom here this *Stone* do's cover,
Whileſt hee lived was no other
Then a *Pilgrim* and your *Brother*,
But too long the *Worlds Lover*.
Would yee know that courſe of his?
In an *Abſtract*, it was this.

Long in *Idumea* living,
Rich in *favour*, *fortune*, *fame*,
Strong in *power* to ſhield the ſame,
Never loſing, ever thriving;
He eſteem'd himſelfe ſole-bleſt
In thoſe *treaſures* he poſſeſt.

Mines and Magazins of gaine,
Various objects of delight
Sported with his appetite,
Till thoſe Gueſts hee'd entertaine,
Made him to conſider well
Earth was but the *Sinners Cell*.

Pride,

Pride first rais'd him to a *Cedar*,
Avarice made him hug his treasure,
Envy pin'd him beyond measure,
Wrath became his passion leader,
Riot cramm'd him; *Lust* belull'd him,
Sloath by seazing on him, dull'd him.

Thus environ'd, reft of rest,
Solace, Soule, society,
Till *Faith*, *Hope*, and *Charity*
Re-possest him of a *Guest*,
Which those *Guests* he pamper'd so,
Had before estranged him to.

Seas thus calm'd, & stormes appeas'd,
To discover his content,
He makes his *Will*, and *Testament*,
Which if (Christians) yee be pleas'd
To partake her, come with full eyes
To solemnize his *Obsequies*.

ERRATA.

No place but is of *Errors* rife,
In labours, Lectures, Leafes,
Lines, life.

PAg. 22. *line.* 11. for there, read her. *p.* 34. *l.* 20. f. lives, r. houres. *p.* 72. *l.* 9. for Dames, r. Damns. *p.* 112. *l. ult.* r. one to dictate to thee what thou haſt, &c. *p.* 153. *l.* 21. f. Nay, r. May. *p.* 166. *l.* 22. f. Couch, r. Touch. *Ibid.* in *marg.* f. Humb. r. Lumb. *p.* 205 *l.* 13. f. wailes, r. vailes. *p.* 213. *l.* 9. f. meditation, r. mediation. *p.* 269. *l.* 16. for *Calidore*, r. *Calidon*. *p.* 340. for them, r. him. *p.* 355. *l.* 1. f. when, r. where *pag. ib. l.* 18. f. *Dags*, r. *Dogs*. *p.* 356 *l.* 14. for everring in ſome copies, r. everlaſting *p.* 363 *l.* 1. f. painting, r. panting. *p.* 379 miſ-folio'd.